THE NEWS,
J. D. BABBAGE,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY.

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THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

Independent in all things, Neutral in nothing; Principles, not party; Men, not availability.

VOL. III. CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1878. NO. 4.

THE ELECTION.

Below we give the result of the election at this precinct:

FOR COUNTY JUDGE.

Board	209
Mercer	280
Dresser	48

FOR COUNTY CLERK.

Jolly	249
Skillman	326

FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY.

Robertson	109
Hemmers	149
Barnes	297

FOR SHERIFF.

Richardson	372
Weymouth	168

FOR JAILER.

Grabfelder received 101 votes, being 35 majority over Walker, his strongest competitor.

FOR ASSESSOR.

Owen	254
Cox	99
Keenan	39
McGill	28
Cashmon	92

Messrs. Pierce and Smart were elected justices of the peace, E. Fisher, police judge, M. R. Taylor, marshal, and B.W. Noell constable.

From unofficial returns and reports we give below the result of the election for county officers:

For County Clerk—G. P. Jolly is elected by about 150 majority.

For County Judge—N. McC. Mercer, by about 50 majority.

For County Attorney—W. K. Barnes by about 80 majority.

For Sheriff—D. S. Richardson by a reported majority of 400.

Of course these majorities are approximate, but we think the result is reliable.

The best information we have is that, in Hancock county R. E. Duncan is elected county clerk; E. A. Faulkner, county judge, W. S. Roberts, county attorney; Sam. Thomas, sheriff; Sam. Beard, jailer, and James Jolly, assessor.

He was a colored man, his name was Jake Robinson, and he rode a mule. He said he wanted to go to the barbecue just above town. The mule reasoned on the subject and concluded it would not be well for Jake to go. Jake tried to convince the mule that it was a mistake, that he would have both profit and pleasure by his attendance. The mule would not be convinced, and tried to carry Jake into the Bank through the window, but the cashier would not honor his checks, so he concluded to take Jake to the livery stable which he did regardless of Jake's remonstrances with a two-year-old hickory well laid on. The last we saw of them Jake's tongue was hanging out to dry and the mule looked on placidly at the operation. He was an innocent looking mule, but Jake says, "that's the reason he 'spise a mule."

Cloverport as a Shipping Point and Place of Trade.

P. V. Duncan has shipped 160 hogsheads of tobacco, averaging 1,600 pounds, making 256,000 pounds.

Skillman, Moorman & Co. have shipped 200 hogsheads, averaging 1,600 pounds, making 320,000 pounds.

Dr. Newsom has shipped 109 hogsheads, averaging 1,350 pounds, making 147,150 pounds.

Jack Gross has shipped 96 hogsheads, averaging 1,400 pounds, making 134,400 pounds.

J. H. Moorman has shipped 70 hogsheads, averaging 1,500 pounds, making 105,000 pounds.

Dr. Warfield has shipped 150 hogsheads, averaging 1,400 pounds, making 210,000 pounds.

Lillard & Bro. have shipped 25 hogsheads, averaging 1,400 pounds, making 35,000 pounds.

R. R. Pierce has shipped 500 hogsheads, averaging 1,400 pounds, making 700,000 pounds.

Jo D. Brashear has shipped 216 hogsheads, averaging 1,450 pounds, making 313,200 pounds, making a grand total of 1,526 hogsheads and 2,220,750 pounds of tobacco. This amount at 4 cents amounts to $88,830.00. This constitutes about two-thirds of the amount bought to date. By the close of the season, Cloverport will have shipped over 2,000 hogsheads of tobacco, and paid out about $120,000.00 to the farmers of Breckenridge and Hancock counties.

Some people, it is probable, have been expecting to see something in the NEWS about the eclipse. All we know about it is, the sun got behind the moon, at least a part of it did. It was total in some parts of the United States, but only partial here. The whole matter was too far from home, to be very interesting to us, so near the election. Astronomers have not advised us yet, as to where the eclipse took place, whether it was at the moon, or the sun, or half-way between the two. The scientific associations of the world usually dispatch some of their most prominent astronomers to various places on the globe prominent, and favorable for observations, on such extra occasions as these. The BRECKENRIDGE NEWS is perfecting a plan, by which it will be able, at the next eclipse, to send one of the most scientific men in the country, to the very spot where the thing takes place. He is not only a gentleman of science, but one of the finest reporters on the continent; he will write things up in due form, and the world shall see them. Be patient, friends.

We have information that a boy by the name of Mattingly, aged 16 years, was accidentally killed in Hawesville last Monday. A young man named Davidson, son of Dr. David Davidson had a target gun, and while stooping to pick up something from the ground discharged the gun, the ball taking effect in young Mattingly's temple, ranging through and coming out of the back part of his head. We learn that Davidson was held in fifty dollars' bail for trial.

A very damaging hail storm swept over the upper part of this county last Thursday, doing much injury to crops.

The election is over and we think a good many profitable things may be learned from the experience of the summer.

One is that conventions are necessary though they be an evil, regarded in some lights. The horde of candidates that has been traversing the county during almost the entire summer has not left a good impression. It does not speak well for a county, nor for a people to have twenty-five or thirty candidates marching over and through the country begging for office. Their own time and labor is lost to the industry of the county, besides, by their frequent presence the hand of the laborer is kept from the plow and plane. It is demoralizing to labor and a check upon prosperity. Each candidate has his warm and zealous friends, who use every means to secure the election of their favorite. The candidates being many these zealous supporters are many and the great number of working friends for each candidate, get up issues, petty, low and disgraceful. In such a race no candidate's name is free from reproach and slander, and so it goes increasing in strength and spirit until it becomes a "stench in the nostrils." Bickerings, quarrelings and low personal attacks become the means used and the race sinks from an honorable, upright, gentlemanly contest, which it should be, to a low, dirty, character-smearing ground scuffle.

Again, when no convention is held the race is made upon no issues that look to the prosperity or good government of the county but merely upon personal matters, and generally the candidate whose brain is most fertile in producing reports to injure the character of his opponent is successful. When conventions are held issues are made and platforms put forth enunciating principles, advocating reforms, pointing out errors of the past and adopting rules for the future, that will work good to the community. And the candidate when placed upon it has something more noble and of more worth to advocate than to throw filth at his opponent or to ward off filth thrown at him. The speaking is instructive to the people and appeals to their judgment, rather than to their passions and prejudices and is not food for the vulgar and low to chew as a "sweet morsel."

Again, though conventions can not and do not please everybody yet, as a general rule, a good man is placed on the track, one for whom anyone who will put aside personal differences may conscientiously vote. Those composing a convention want the man elected, whom they nominate, and it is rare that they will cut their own throats by putting a bad or incapable man on the track.

It certainly should be the desire of every good citizen to have the contests for office raised from the low, slimy, disgraceful, personal scuffle to a dignified, honorable contest waged on principle. The only way to accomplish this is for each party to hold conventions, adopt platforms of principles and put men out to run on the platforms.

Again, a party, that has principles which it is not ashamed to advocate, principles which it believes to be the true principles of government should not fail to organize, and it is the duty of every member of that party as a good citizen, to see that his principles are not allowed to sleep and be overshadowed by mere personal matters. But say some, "we can't win if we hold conventions." If a party can not win on its principles and by an open advocacy of them, then it should be defeated.

Temporizing is bad policy, especially in politics. A party can not expect fealty without it promptly organizes and flings its banner from the mast head.

We think that the importance of conventions has been very forcibly taught us during the race just closed, regardless of the result of the race.

Look Here, Boys.

"Gather up the Fragments that Nothing be Lost."

If a boy, twelve years old, smokes every day in the year, a mean five-cent cigar, he will have converted eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents into smoke and ashes. If he smokes two, it will be thirty-six dollars and fifty cents. If he smokes three, it will be fifty-four dollars and seventy-five cents. One cigar per day will buy a suit of clothes, capapie better than you now have! Two would do twice as much, and three would clothe you handsomely, and furnish you a full supply of the best reading matter the country can produce. Smoke your three cigars per diem, until you are twenty-two, and you will have converted into smoke and ashes $548 00. Add the interest that would naturally accumulate, and over six hundred dollars of your labor and hard earnings will be invested in smoke and ashes. (An idler's investment.) You can never expect principal nor interest. It were better for you mentally, morally and physically, if it had been burned or thrown into the river. Five or six hundred dollars is a nice thing for a poor young man to have, and especially when it is the reward of economy. Economy does not mean that you should stultify yourself. Take care of what the Lord gives *you* and the Lord will be certain to take good care of you.

It is not the great amount of money that we make that places us above want, but the amount we save. If you read but ten pages per day, in some good and useful book, or books, in one year you will have read nearly four thousand pages. This kept up for ten years, and you will have read forty thousand pages. This will carry you through any library in town. This much careful and thoughtful reading will mentally qualify you for any place in society, and if kept up through life, you may occupy the highest position that society has to give. All of this can be done without taking a minute from your daily labor.

Now, young men, when you hear of Clay Johnston, Lynn Boyd, and such men who were born of poor parents, and contended with poverty in youth, shut out from the privileges of schools, academies and colleges, meeting and surmounting all difficulties, going to Congress, reaching the gubernatorial chair, Senate, and Presidency of the United States, you may know this is the road they traveled to all of these positions. Save your money and your minutes, and you will be safe.

The Way to Make Money.

There once lived a very miserly old man, who was said to be very rich. He was never known to invite any one to take a social meal with him. Two gents, one of whom had more wit then money, were discussing this miser's character one day, when one proffered to bet five pounds, sterling, that he would dine with him on that very day. The bet was taken, and the young man set his wits to work to get his dinner and save his money. As the hour of noon drew near, the youth sauntered over to the old miser, watched the kitchen and dining-room movements until it was time for him to speak. I came over this morning, said the wit, to tell you of a plan by which you can make two thousand pounds, sterling, clear and won't cost you any trouble. "Indeed!" said the old man. Yes, sir! but my dinner is now ready, I won't have time to tell you all about it, just wait until I step over home and eat my dinner. "Oh! no, dine with me." "O! it will not take me long to go over home." "No not long, but, please sir, give me the pleasure of your company to-day at my own table, you have never dined with me in your life, it would be such a gratification to have you grace my table." Just then the bell rang for dinner, and the young man, by special invitation, eat at the miser's table. After dining he was invited into the parlor, where the miserly old man said to him, "I will be happy sir, to hear your plan by which I am to be such a benefactor." "Certainly, sir, it affords me pleasure—great pleasure to benefit my friends in any way I can. I will at once proceed." "If you please sir, said the miser, you have a marriageable daughter, I believe?" "Yes, sir." "I understand that you will settle ten thousand pounds on her at her marriage." "Yes, sir, I expect to do so." "Well, now, if you will give her to me, I will take her with eight thousand, leaving you two thousand pounds net profit in the transaction."

At the Cloverport Hotel.

Miss M. Levi, county; Judge Board, Hardinsburg, Ky.; Chas. Sterett, city; Geo. H. Short, Rockport, Ind.; Edward Ashby, James B. West, county; Phillip Rial, Hawesville, Ky.; Wm. Ramsey, Eugene Haynes, city; John Moorman, New York; C. L. Holmes, Louisville, Ky.; H. C. Truman, Prince of Wales, Ky.; Mrs. B. B Mason, A. H. Mason, Mrs. M. Felsenthal, Louisville, Ky.; A. B. Brown, Cincinnati, Ohio; J. P. Snead, Louisville, Ky.; C. Weller, Falls of Rough Ky.; R. P. Pierce, city; Jesse M. Webb, G. Lewis, J. H. Almstedt, Louisville, Ky.; S. Browe, Rockport, Ind.; H. D. Scribner, Louisville, Ky.; A. B. Hinkle, Cincinnati, Ohio; J. D. Brashear, city; E. Board, Hardinsburg, Ky.; John Colgan and wife, Willie Colgan, Miss Bettie Colgan, Louisville, Ky.; Dr. J. R. Holt, city.

Send us the obituaries and marriage notices of your friends. Make your obituary notices short if you want people to read them; long articles of any kind are generally glanced at, or sketched over. All of the religious journals of the day are calling for short notices of the deceased. All over so many lines they charge for. We will give you, gratuitously, all the room we can and you will please condense your communications as much as possible. It is not the quantity of space occupied that constitutes you a good writer, but a selection of words, the expressing a great many ideas in a few words, is a beauty in writers not excelled. Let your motto be, "Multum in parvo."

The weed known as the common beggars' lice is said to be a wonderful product, and is being cultivated successfully in parts of Florida and Southwest Georgia. Poor lands are made rich, and deserted lands improved by its culture thereon. It takes the place of clover, is a fine producer of milk, stock fattens rapidly on it, it is palatable and nutritious, makes a fine forage, and can be cut as many as three times per season.

The United States Marshals and their deputies, are bouncing the moonshiners in all parts of the State. How is it that these officers can find a moonshiner, better than any other kind of transgressors? All other kinds of miscreants go unpunished, dodge the detectives, but these men can set at headquarters and scent a still house and moonshine whiskey, in any of the dark hollows in Kentucky.

The Madisonville papers have had a perfect gust of sensational news in the last week or so. A lady committed suicide, and her husband died in a few hours. A train of cars were ditched, and several wrecked, a gentleman thrown into the wreck and badly hurt, and everybody gone mad over the election, and it nothing but a primary at that. A street fight, and the thing would be glorious.

Last Monday was a day in Cloverport never to be forgotten. There was more drinking, fighting, swearing and vulgarity than was ever seen in our streets before. It was a perfect examplification of the principle we mention in our editorial on the necessity of conventions which was written previous to the election.

PERSONAL.

Hon. J. D. Powers has gone to French Lick Springs.

Dr. J. M. Taylor and wife, of Hardinsburg, were in town last week.

Virgil Babbage has qualified and is at work as Master Commissioner.

Mrs. Mason, of Louisville, is visiting her son, Dr. W. B. Mason, of this place.

Mrs. Sanders, of Hancock county, is 96 years of age, so says her son.

Clayton Crasson did not write "Love and Madness."

Jesse Webb, of Louisville, Ky., is visiting friends here.

Mrs. M. Felsenthal, of Louisville, Ky., is at the Cloverport Hotel.

Mrs. Thos. Holt and Mrs. Dr. J. R. Holt left for Grayson Springs, Sunday.

Mrs. Noyes and daughter, Miss Emma, of Louisville, Ky., are visiting Miss Enola Miller.

Hon. John H. McHenry has withdrawn from the race for Congress in the Second district.

Mrs. Roland Smith, of Hardinsburg, and Miss Lee Bennet, of Stephensport, were visitors in town last week.

Phil Rial, Esq., of Henderson, paid us a visit last week. That is we suppose he came to see us. Didn't you Phil?

Rev. Ray Gabbard, of Pellville, says the acreage of tobacco in and around that place is not half what it was last year, and that that has been planted is not turning out more than half a crop.

Mrs. NeNally who lives in a few yards of Grayson Spring Station is said to be 110 or 114 years old. Mr. Fred Walter, of this place, who saw her, says she has all the faculties of her mind. Talks fluently to all of her visitors, though she can hear nothing they say. She has shriviled down to 65 or 70 pounds.

It will be seen in another column of this paper that Miss E. Belle Taylor will take up her class in music, at the college building, the first of September. Miss Taylor is a very highly accomplished lady, and in music is unequalled. She spares no pains for the advancement of her pupils. We bespeak for her a large patronage this fall and winter.

Mr. Charles S. White leaves to-day for his home in Mississippi. Charlie is always welcomed to this, his old home, and his return to his Southern abiding place is regretted by all. His genial qualities, his warm nature, and his upright bearing make and keep friends for him, and he never wants for friendship wherever he goes. May success and happiness crown your life, Charlie.

New calicos at Sulzers'.

One of the prettiest girls in all the land said the other day, "Give me a tuba rose and the 'feller' I like, and I am just as happy as any need for in this world."

It is said that, "Love and Madness" is creating some excitement; O bosh! let everybody love as much as they please and who they please, that's the way we do down here.

The zephyrs fanned the leaves around us,
The eagle above us soars,
But no more kissing on the road boys—no more on the road.

5,000 new and best cigars just opened at Sulzers'.

There is a certain preacher in this vicinity who has been in closer contact with the devil in the last ten days than ever before in his life; fact of the business is, they have become closely associated.

Try the celebrated "Pigtail" Cigars at Sulzers'. 10 cent cigar for 5 cents.

The editor of this paper wishes to say to all whom it may concern that he does not know the author of "Love and Madness." It was published during the editorial management of Mr. T. S. Givan, and the name of the author has never come to our knowledge.

Go to Sulzers' and buy a $1.50 Umbrella for one dollar.

The fourth quarterly meeting for Cloverport station will be held at the Methodist church, the 17th and 18th inst. Protracted services will be held in September.

Fine four-ply Gent's linen collar for 10 cents at Sulzer & Bro.'s. Fact.

The Concerts at Union Star and Stephensport should be well attended. Lovers of good music should not fail to be there.

Sulzer & Bro.'s are too busy selling and unpacking new goods to advertise this week. Call around and see their new goods.

Humorous.

An olderly maiden, hearing, for the first time, that matches were made in heaven, declared that she didn't care a straw how soon she left this sinful world for a better land.

A young lady had coquetted until the victim was completely exhausted. He rose to leave. She whispered, as she accompanied him to the door, "I shall be at home next Sunday evening," "so shall I," he replied.

Mr. D——, "If you will get my coat done by Saturday, I shall be forever indebted to you." "If that is your game, it won't be done," said the tailor.—*Pantagraph.*

"What is you white folks got dem black glasses 'fore your eyes for?" "We are looking at the eclipse, of course." "Well, jes lemme see it one time, ef you please. Well de Lord! it look mighty curriss, but 'fore God he's got her."

He was a stalwart Kentuckian and swallowed his beer promptly. He threw down a dime with a royal recklessness of riches. The bar-keeper having no nickel at hand told him to take another glass for change. He replied "Hic, change h—ll, I,m too f-full of that s-sort of change now."—*Owensboro Messenger.*

Death of Mrs. Oglesby.

Mrs. Rosa Ann Oglesby died yesterday morning, at 4 o'clock.

She was born in Maryland on the 13th of September, 1805, and came to Kentucky with her parents when she was a child.

She was married to Joseph H. Oglesby on the 13th of April, 1826, and immediately removed to the farm adjoining this place, where she closed her life yesterday. Her husband preceded her in death on the 13th of August, 1854.

Mrs. Oglesby is too well known for us to add anything to a proper knowledge of her character and worth. Her long life stands out prominently in all the excellencies of charity and virtue. Strong sense, solid worth and generosity, were her peculiar characteristics. We have not the space to write of her as we would wish. The sorrow at her death bespeaks more than all we can say. She leaves sons and daughters and a large circle of friends and relatives who sincerely mourn over their loss.

How are you, "Judge" Fisher?

Look out, boys, for Marshal Taylor.

Everybody is going to the Concerts at Union Star and Stephensport, August 16th and 17th.

Corn in the vicinity of Pellville looks unpropitious. Wheat is not threshing out as much as was expected.

Give the NEWS credit for its poetry—"The Candidate" has been copied without giving us credit.

A female astronomer went all the way to Denver to observe the eclipse, and to see the man in the moon.

LOST.

Sometime last winter a seal skin muff. A reasonable reward will be paid for the delivery of the same to A. R. FISHER'S drug store.

Owensboro Messenger: On Thursday, a team of horses ran away with a wagon at Livermore, and seriously injured Judge Priest and Judge Riley. A few nights afterward the wife of Judge Priest, died very suddenly of heart disease.

A young lady, twenty-four years old, living near Grayson Spring Station, gave birth to a child one day last week, as soon as it was born she threw it in a well close at hand and made her escape into Edmonson county. Sheriff Gardner followed and brought her back to Litchfield, where she awaits her trial.

Why don't the young people of Cloverport get them up a Philharmonic Society? They could add by way of variety, compositions, declamations, readings, charades, etc. They would interest both young and old, and please saint and sinner.

The New Orleans Picayune, of July the 24th, publishes a statement that fourteen cases of yellow fever have occurred, seven fatal. The board of health hoped to check the spread of the disease. Two fatal sunstrokes were reported. The ice ring put up ice from $25 to $60 per ton.—*Courier-Journal.*

Miss E. Belle Taylor respectfully informs the citizens of Cloverport that her Second Session as Music Teacher, will commence with the beginning of the school and in the school building, where she will remain with her pupils during practice hours as well as lessons.

There will be a meeting of the singers of Cloverport at the M. E. Church on Thursday evening, for the purpose of ascertaining whether it will be possible to bring out The Oratorio of Esther, The Beautiful Queen, at this place. A full attendance is requested.

Sulzers are unpacking a big lot of new goods this week.

Tolerance comes with age. I see no fault committed that I myself could not have committed at some time or other.

Hate is an active, envy a passive displeasure; it need not surprise us, therefore, to see how quickly envy becomes hate.

In good society we are required to do obliging things to one another; in genteel society we are required only to say them.—*Breakfast Table.*

STOLEN.

From the undersigned, on Saturday, Aug. 3rd, 1878, one dark brown mare eight years old, and about 14½ hands high; very fat, star in forehead and scar on left shoulder, caused by being treated for sweeney; small knot on right shoulder caused by collar. This mare was stolen by a negro boy about 14 or 15 years old, low, heavy set, and black. A liberal reward will be given for return of mare or thief, to my farm, 7 miles west of Hardinsburg, near Owensboro road. JAS. W. MATTINGLY.

Messrs. J. M. Johnson and A. A. Stuart, assisted by a corps of experienced engineers, will go to Ohio county, the 7th of August, to make a topographical survey of the Sulpher Springs tract. It is the intention of the owner, Mr. D. M. Griffith, of this city, to erect a commodious hotel, beautify the grounds, and in every way to make the place attractive for invalids and summer pleasure seekers.—*Owensboro Messenger.*

NIJNE NOVGOROD FAIR. The great market of the eastern world has been held at this junction of the Volga and Olga Rivers, in Russia, every summer for hundreds of years. Here the nations of Europe and Asia meet with their products for trade. Cossack, Chinese, Turk, and Persian meet the German and the Greek with every variety of merchandise that mankind employs, from sapphires to grindstones, tea, opium, fur, food, tools and fabrics, and last but not least, medicines. J. C. Ayer & Co.'s celebrated remedies from America were displayed in an elegant Bazaar, where the Doctor himself might sometimes be seen. They are known and taken on steppes of Asia as well as the prairies of the West, and are an effectual antidote for the diseases that prevail in the yaourts of the North as well as the huts and cabins of the Western continent.—*Lincoln (Ill.) Times.*

Facts Worth Remembering.

Alcohol and whitening will clean silver in any form.

Glycerine and lemon juice will aid in removing tan from the face.

If you are buying carpets for durability, choose small figures.

Kerosine oil will remove rust from knives. Emery paper is also good.

A weak solution of the permanganate of potassa will deodorize your breath.

Milk stains on serge dresses may be removed by steeping the parts in warm water.

A gallon of strong lye put into a barrel of hard water will make it as soft as rain water.

The best thing for the hair is castor oil and brandy—enough of the latter to thin the oil.

To prevent lamps from smoking, soak the wick in vinegar and dry thoroughly before using.

The troublesome little bed-bug can be easily destroyed by an aqueous solution of sulphurious acid.

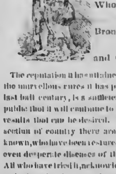
A strong solution of carbolic acid and water poured into holes kills all the ants it touches, and the survivors immediately take themselves off.

To wash calicos or muslin without fading, soak them two or three hours in a pail of water in which two ounces of sugar of lead has been dissolved, then wash as usual. If they soak longer it does no harm.—*Crawford Democrat.*

The Dollar Weekly News says: A Massachusetts widow determined to marry again, got a new husband, put one of her children in the home for the friendless, bound out the second, and give the third to boot in a trade.

Ayer's

Cherry Pectoral



For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

The reputation it has attained, in consequence of the marvellous cures it has produced during the last half century, is a sufficient assurance to the public that it will continue to realize the happiest results that can be desired. In almost every section of country there are persons, publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs, by its use. All who have tried it, acknowledge its superiority; and where its virtues are known, no one hesitates as to what medicine to employ to relieve the distress and suffering peculiar to pulmonary affections. CHERRY PECTORAL always affords instant relief, and performs rapid cures of the milder varieties of bronchial disorder, as well as the more formidable diseases of the lungs.

As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of Childhood, it is invaluable: for, by its timely use multitudes are rescued and restored to health.

This medicine gains friends at every trial, as the cures it is constantly producing are too remarkable to be forgotten. No family should be without it, and those who have once used it never will.

Eminent Physicians throughout the country prescribe it, and Clergymen often recommend it from their knowledge of its effects.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

A. R. FISHER, Agent,
Cloverport, Ky.

THE
MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY SCRIBNER.

SCRIBNER for August, one of the MOST BEAUTIFUL ISSUES OF THE YEAR, printed on extra heavy paper, and edited with reference to the Summer Holiday Season, introduces many

SPECIAL ART FEATURES.

The illustrations are by Jervis McEntee, Will H. Low, Swain Gifford, Louis Tiffany, Thomas Moran, and other well known artists.

A PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT,

From a crayon drawing from life, by Wyatt Eaton, engraved by Mr. Thomas Cole, appears as a frontispiece. While it is interesting as probably the last for which the poet sat, it will also be pronounced one of the most characteristic and satisfactory. There is also an illustrated article on the haunts and homes of Bryant, by Rev. Horatio N. Powers. There are

ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE PAPERS,

By Mrs. Foote, John Burroughs, R. R. Robinson, Dr. W. T. Morton, and others, on "A Seaport on the Pacific," Wood Life, Diamond Diggings, Farm Life in New England, etc., etc.

A NEW NOVEL, 'FALCONBERG,'

By Boyesen, is begun in this number. This is the first of Boyesen's novels the scene of which is laid in America. It depicts some strange phases of immigrant life in the West, and is written from intimate personal acquaintance with its subject.

SHORT STORIES FOR SUMMER READING.

"Longstaff's Marriage," by Henry James, Jr., a story of two American girls in Europe; and "Our Tavern," by Frank R. Stockton, author of "Rudder Grange," etc.

POEMS BY HOLLAND, TROWBRIDGE, STEDMAN, AND BRET HARTE.

Price of this number, 35 cts. Subscription price, $4 a year.

For Sale by J. D. Babbage, Book-seller and News-dealer.

FRESH GOODS!

Fancy Groceries,
Tropical Fruits,
Notions and Novelties,
Books and Stationery,
Wall Paper and Window Shades,
Chromos and Frames,
Croquet Sets,
Papers and Magazines,
J. D. BABBAGE.

Large variety of Jeans at Witt & Co's.
Fine assortment of prints at Witt & Co's.
Clothing of all kinds at WITT & CO'S
Variety of Notions at WITT & CO'S.
Will be sold at Bottom Prices at WITT & CO'S, Hardinsburg, Ky.

Go to SIPPEL'S this week for Bargains in Ladies' fine Shoes.

Stylish cut white vests for $1; all linen duck vests with pearl buttons $1.50, sent by mail by W. N. Bayless, Louisville.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the undersigned will please remit at once. RYAN & SON.

Miller's Plows and the News.

Farmers, you can get the NEWS for one year and a $1 one-horse Plow from J. L. Miller's shop both for $5; or a $7 two-horse Plow and the NEWS for $7.75.

STRAYED.

From the premises of J. M. Whitworth, one mule four years old, 14½ hands high, light black with gear marks, with knot on stifle joint. Any one finding the same will be liberally rewarded by dropping a postal card to Prince of Wales, Ky. J. M. WHITWORTH

STATEMENT

OF THE

CONDITION

OF THE

BRECKINRIDGE BANK,

CLOVERPORT, KY.,

At the Close of Business,

June 29, 1878.

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$16,300 00
Deposits	50,418 35
Discount on Notes and Bills and Exchange	3,147 01
Surplus Fund	4,993 27
	$104,858 63

RESOURCES.

Notes and Bills Discounted	$75,318 91
Expense Acct., Taxes and Interest	1,439 88
Protest Account	33 50
Stamp Account	10 00
Profit and Loss	6,800 49
Debts in Suit	1,013 23
Bank Fixtures and Furniture	1,040 40
Due by National Banks	4,730 09
Premium on Gold (on hand)	16 42
Suspended Debt	87 50
Currency and Coin	13,868 19
	$104,858 63

I, A. B. Skillman, Cashier, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

A. B. SKILLMAN, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to, before me, this the 30th day of June, 1878, R. F. WAURFIELD, Notary Public for Breckenridge Co., Ky.

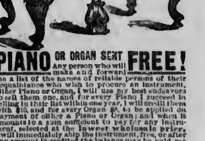
no3 2t

QUERY: "Why will men smoke common tobacco, when they can buy Marburg Bro's. '*Seal of North Carolina*' at the same price?

TO MAKE MONEY

Pleasantly and fast, agents should address FINLEY, HARVEY & Co., Atlanta, Ga.

BEATTY



PIANO OR ORGAN SENT FREE! Any person who will make and forward me a list of the names of reliable persons of their acquaintance who wish to procure an instrument, either Piano or Organ, I will use my best endeavors to sell them one, and for every Piano I succeed in selling in their list within one year, I will credit them with $10, and for every Organ $5, to be applied on payment of either a Piano or Organ; and when it amounts to a sum sufficient to pay for any instrument, selected at the lowest wholesale price, I will immediately ship the instrument, free, or after any amount is credited the balance may be paid me in cash and I will then ship them the instrument. They need not be known in the matter, and will be doing their friends a real service, as I shall make special offers to them, selling a superior instrument for from one-half to two-thirds what is ordinarily asked by agents. Please send me a list at once, and after you have made inquiry, you can add to it. Illustrated Newspaper sent free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey, United States of America.

BEATTY—PIANO AND ORGAN.

There is no manufacturer of Pianos and Organs in this or any other country who has received as many unsolicited indorsements as has Mr. Beatty. From every State and Territory comes the same verdict: "They are the best in the world." CAUTION.—My success has brought into existence hundreds of imitators, some of whom have formerly been in my employ, whose want of experience is evident to those who are capable of judging. Illustrated ADVERTISER free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey, U. S. America.

BEATTY PIANO GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT, and BEATTY'S CELEBRATED GOLDEN TONGUE PARLOR ORGANS are the sweetest toned and most perfect instruments ever before manufactured in this or any other country. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey, U. S. America.

PIANOS — Another battle on high prices, RAGING — war on the monopolist renewed. See Beatty's latest Newspaper, full reply sent free. Before buying PIANO or ORGAN read my latest circular. Lowest prices ever given Address WAR — DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J., U. S. A. — ORGANS

HARDINSBURG & CLOVERPORT EXPRESS.

SMITH & BEARD, Proprietors,

Leaves Hardinsburg for Cloverport on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday of each week; leaves Cloverport for Hardinsburg every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday. Connects at Cloverport with the Louisville and Henderson mail-line steamers. Persons desiring conveyance can be accommodated. Express business promptly attended to. ROLAND A. SMITH.

DOBBINS'S ELECTRIC SOAP.

Washing made easy by using this justly Celebrated Soap for which we have secured the Agency from the Manufacturers, I. L. CRAGIN & CO., Philada Pa. One trial of it, can not fail to convince any one that this is really the best and most *economical* Soap in the market. When used *according to directions*, boiling the Clothes is entirely unnecessary and little or no rubbing is needed. It does the Work in less than half the time required when other Soap is used, leaves the Clothes Cleaner and Whiter and does not injure the finest fabrics. We could append the names of a dozen of our customers who have used it and praise it highly, but that is unnecessary: give us a call, get a bar and be convinced. The Soap will tell its own story, better than we can.

L. B. [illegible] & Co. [illegible], Ky.

Breckenridge News.

J. D. BABBAGE, Publisher and Proprietor.

CLOVERPORT, - - - - - KENTUCKY.

THE CLOSE.

BY HUGH F. M'DERMOTT.

The dew of the evening came down
  On cottage and village and town;
It came like a prayer on the sun-burned air,
  And rested on earth as a crown.

There was peace in the haze on the hill,
  There was peace in the rhyme of the rill,
And the robin's rich note on the air was afloat,
  With a chirp, and a song, and a trill.

Though she passed long ago from my mind
  Though she left me in sadness behind,
She came back to me true in the fall of the dew,
  Once again our affections to bind.

There was peace in the gloom on my breast
  As I looked to the far sinking West;
In that dreamland I gazed on bright altars that blazed
  As beacons where the weary found rest.

In the dew of the evening that fell
  On mountain and streamlet and dell,
Proud hopes of the past before me were cast,
  Their tales of disaster to tell.

I was glad that the close of my day
  And my darkness was not far away;
And my eyelids were wet, but not with regret,
  In the twilight of longings decay.

And the dew of my dreaming it fell
  On the ashes within my heart's cell;
And the eve of life's close dropped her head in repose,
  As she whispered, "All yet shall be well!"

HUCKSTER JIM.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

[Youth's Companion.]

"Peas! Champion of England peas! Fresh pulled this morning!"

Carroll Hutter sauntered to the window as the cry sounded in front of it.

"Do come here, mamma! Did you ever see anything so absurd? Positively, Rollins has stopped the wretched creatures! It is a disgrace to the house."

The wretched creatures were a donkey, and its driver, a thin, lame boy of twelve, clad in well-patched rags. The donkey drew a sort of basket-wagon, also patched with willow withes, bits of sapling, etc. Inside were potatoes, peas, and a few baskets of late strawberries.

Mrs. Hutter stepped to the side door, before which the wagon was drawn up, and beckoned to her servant.

"Rollins, why do you bring that miserable cart near the house? You should either send it to the back door, or buy from the provision stores."

"Because, madam, cook says that this boy's vegetables are just out of the ground, and those in the stores are stale. I could have sent him to the back door, but the lad is inclined to resent an 'order' of any sort."

Mrs. Hutter, like many fashionable women, liked to fancy herself a capable housekeeper. She motioned to the boy.

"How can you bring fresher vegetables than Scott, who supplies all the best families in this neighborhood?"

"Because I raise them, ma'am."

"Where is your farm?"

"It's only a patch—in Jersey, five miles the other side of the river."

"How do you sell your peas?" interrupted her son Carroll.

"Fifty cents the half-peck."

"How does that compare with Scott's prices, Rollins?"

"Just double, sir."

"You are a cheat, boy! I shall not give you a penny more than Scott asks."

The boy promptly emptied the peas into the wagon again. "They are worth double. I shall not sell them for less," he said.

Rollins glanced at his mistress. "They are worth it, madam. He sells them to Judge Shaffer's people at that price. He's a sort of 'protigy' of Mrs. Shaffer."

Now the Shaffers reigned absolutely in that world of fashion in which the Hutters were admitted on sufferance.

"A protege of Mrs. Shaffer's? Ah! Come here, boy," said Mrs. Hutter. "You can take his vegetables, Rollins. How did you find the means to go into this business?"

"I had no means, ma'am. I was a newsboy. Mother took in sewing. One day I found we could rent a house beyond Camden with an acre of land for what our room cost us. So I took mother out there. We raised vegetables and herbs. I always bring them with the dew on them. I charge the highest price, and only take them to people who have money to pay the highest price."

"What do you do when the vegetable season is over?"

"I bring in nuts, and pressed leaves, and ferns to the same ladies. I sell to them cheaper than they could buy in the stores, and they give me more than the stores would pay to me."

"The boy has the real business faculty," said Mrs. Hutter.

Her son Carroll, who was a year older than the pea-merchant, caressed his upper lip, where the mustache would be sometime, and stared at him insolently.

"What a ridiculous turnout! Did you buy the cart and jackass with the proceeds of the patch, eh?"

"Yes. Did you ever buy anything with money you had earned?" looking at him steadily.

"I! What do you take me for, you impertinent puppy? Don't you know a gentleman when you see him, you beggarly huckster?"

The other boy stopped, surveyed him coolly from head to foot, and then said, quietly, "Yes, I think I do. I don't see him here."

Carroll grew white with rage, the more as he fancied he saw a covert laugh on Rollins's face.

"Take that, you dog!" he said, dealing the cripple a blow across the face with a cane which he carried.

The boy staggered back, recovered himself, and sprang at him furiously. Mrs. Hutter screamed. Rollins caught Jim and held him helpless.

"Go for a policeman, Carroll!" cried his mother. "I saw him attack you! He meant murder!"

Rollins loosened his hold. "You'd better cut and run, Jim," he whispered. Then he said aloud, "He's got clear of me! Perhaps it's as well, ma'am. Master Carroll struck the first blow. The law might have taken that into account."

"The law discriminates between gentlemen and ruffians, I hope," said Carroll, loftily.

Carroll was an insufferably conceited boy, and he went to school that day with a burning sense of his own importance—talked more loudly than usual of "gentleman" and "rowdies," by whom he simply meant boys who had money, and those who had not.

Poor Jim Ludlow went home, on fire with rage in every part of his attenuated little body. He told his mother the whole story of his encounter.

"O Jimmy, when will you learn to control your tongue? Why should you have provoked the boy? How do you expect to make others respect you when you do not respect yourself?"

"Nobody respects me. I never can be a gentleman!" sobbed the poor little cripple.

His mother was too wise to reason with him. She drew his head to her breast, and petted him awhile.

"Now come to supper, Jimmy."

The supper was good, and neatly served. When it was over, Mrs. Ludlow lighted the lamp and placed some books on the table. Jim, with a bright face, sat down to his lessons. Mrs. Ludlow was an educated woman, and was teaching the boy as thoroughly as he could have been taught in the grammar schools.

It was late before they put the books away. Jim drew a handful of silver out of his pocket.

"Something to go into the bank, mother," he said, laughing. "Our capital grows."

"Yes; but here is the capital," touching the books, "which will make you the equal of any gentleman in the land, with God's help. We'll ask for that, Jimmy." And they knelt together in prayer.

The very next afternoon, Carroll Hutter, driving out to the Park, saw the forlorn little cart and donkey in front of him. He was peculiarly elated with a sense of his own consequence just now, as he was seated in a new dog-cart, driving a pair of blooded ponies which his mother had presented to him a month ago. Yet the boy, with his dashing equipage and diamond shirt-buttons, was literally poorer as to money than Jimmy Ludlow. While his mother thought he was at the university, Carroll spent the days in billiard rooms. He had played away his last dollar that morning. He was afraid to ask for more, and was consequently in a savage state of ill-humor.

"Get out of my way!" he shouted, with an oath.

Jim had drawn up his cart to the sidewalk, and was giving a handful of berries to a half-starved child with a baby in her arms.

"That fellow," said Carroll to his companion, "cheats my mother by charging double price for his stuff, and then gives it to beggars."

Jim's face grew red, but he did not turn his head.

At that moment, an open carriage, drawn by a powerful black horse, came dashing down the street. A gray-haired old man and young girl were inside. The children shrieked, some laborers sprang after the horse, with a wild yell, terrifying him the more.

Carroll, in abject fear, though he was not near the horse, sprang from his dog-cart and ran to the pavement.

The carriage rocked from side to side, threatening to throw the girl out. At the end of the square the street crossed Fairmount-avenue, along which a train of steam-cars was rapidly approaching. Men and women on the street stood paralyzed with horror.

The horse had shied when it passed Carroll's carriage, and slacked its pace a little just then. Jim, the huckster, who had climbed from his cart as the horse slackened his pace, sprang directly in front of him, and clapped an empty potato basket over his head. The animal reared, and then stopped a second, trembling, and wet with perspiration. The horse was seized at once by a policeman who was standing near, and the old gentleman alighted, and managed to fall as he did so, but scrambled up and helped his daughter out of the carriage.

A glittering stone dropped from his breast as he stumbled. It rolled into the gutter.

"Well, here, boy! You stopped that brute just in time!" he said to Jim, who was packing his basket in with the others. "Here! you deserve a gold medal! But perhaps this will serve your turn as well," holding out a bank-note.

"I don't take wages for that sort of work," said Jim, dryly, climbing into his cart.

"O papa," cried the young lady, "your diamond is gone!"

"What! what! It must have dropped when I got out of the carriage. Tut, tut. One calamity brings another! Look about, men. I'll pay a big reward for it."

Two or three men and boys went groping and stooping over the pavement. Jim alone sat calmly watching them, with a keen, anxious look on his face. At last Carroll Hutter, rapping his boot with his cane, sauntered to his dog-cart and prepared to mount. Jim stepped from his cart and ran to his side, and said, "I saw you pick up that diamond! Give it back instantly," he said, in a shrill whisper, "or I'll tell that policeman, and you shall be arrested."

The boy's face took on a ghastly pallor. He stooped, pretended to pick up the stone, and then stepped across the sidewalk and gave it to the old gentleman.

"Aha! A thousand thanks! What reward can I give you?"

"Oh, he don't work for wages, either!" cried Jim, with a laugh, as he drove off.

Twenty years after that day, a tramp found his way to a great sheep farm in Texas. The ground was tilled with skill and intelligence. The large comfortable mansion, the outbuildings, the stately park, all gave evidence of refinement and prosperity. A gray-haired lady sat on the portico; one or two healthy boys were playing on the grass.

The dirty, half-drunken loafer was making his way to the kitchen, when a middle-aged gentleman came out of the house. He had a singularly fine face, was strongly built, but walked with a slight limp.

The tramp stood still. "Who is that?" he asked one of the farm men.

"That's the judge, him as owns this place. Elected to Congress for next term. Thought everybody knew James Ludlow!"

"I thought so!" muttered the tramp.

"Who are you, stranger?"

The man lifted his greasy hat from his head, with a long breath. "I am Carroll Hutter. No, I'll not go in. That man's bread would choke me!"

And he turned his back and went on his way. The men had found different roads in life, and had chosen them deliberately.

THE breaking of the cork tree—a species of oak growing in Spain, Portugal, and Italy—is commenced when the tree is fifteen years old, and may be repeated every eight or ten years afterward with no injury to the oak, which, in spite of its periodical flaying, lives to the age of one hundred and fifty years. In July and August incisions are made around the tree and down to the root; the pieces, which detach easily, are soaked in water, placed under heavy weights, dried before a fire, and stacked in bales for exportation. The cork cutters cut the sheets in narrow strips, and round them into shape with the aid of a thin, sharp knife.

BEET sugar factories are said to pay well in Germany. One company last year declared a dividend of twenty per cent. on its capital stock, dividing $30,000 among the share holders.

The Phenomenal Change that was Effected by a Bolt of Lightning.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Seldom has the electric fluid done a more curious thing than on yesterday morning at three o'clock, at the residence of H. I. Guild. Mr. Guild and wife were occupying a bedroom in the second story, and Lottie, a bright-faced child of four years of age, with golden curls, occupied a double cot on the first floor, in company with her grandmother, Mrs. J. J. Ames, aged about fifty years. This cot was placed under the opening of the main flue of the chimney. The first recollection that Mr. Guild has of the situation was that he was on the floor of his bedroom with his wife clinging to him and screaming. He turned on the light, and at first glance discovered that the patches of plastering in the ceiling of his room and in the rooms adjoining were hanging over his head, and the lathing protruding. The shingles in the vicinity of the chimney were torn up. He then concluded that lightning had done the work. The next thought was of the grandmother and his daughter, Lottie, below. Upon arriving in their room the little innocent, her face, head of curls, and hands black with the soot of the flue, commenced to clap her hands at the appearance of the grandmother, who was also blackened with soot. Upon examination Mrs. Ames was found to be in an insensible condition, and a doctor was summoned. He applied remedies.

The child told the story of how the fire came down the chimney, and knocked herself and "gramma" from the cot to the floor. The child was then subjected to a severe bath, and then was discovered the most remarkable feature of the whole affair. The profusion of curls, which were of unusual length, reaching almost to the child's waist, and which had been of a bright golden hue, were of a blue black or inky color from roots to the tip. A closer examination revealed the still further singular fact that the scalp of the head was also colored indelibly, it seemed, the same as the hair. Up to six o'clock on yesterday afternoon, after a lapse of fifteen hours, and after repeated washings with ammonia and other solutions, every hair remained the same shade as when the change was first noticed, and so with the scalp of the head.

The physician said that the remarkable change might have been the result of electricity, but beyond this he did not venture an explanation. He had heard of one or two instances like it. The vitality of the hair did not seem to be destroyed, for it was still as soft as silken skeins. The child seemed as lively as a cricket, and rather pleased than otherwise with the sudden transformation from a blonde to a brunette without cost.

Mr. Troxell Gets on His Legs.

[Breakfast Table.]

"Hello, Troxell, how do you do, anyway?" said one gentleman to another on Fourth-street yesterday, stopping to shake hands cordially.

"Oh, I'm about so-so," replied Troxell. "I suppose you've heard the news?"

"Yes; and I was mighty sorry to hear of your failure. It actually stunned me, but I hope you'll soon pull around all right again."

"I don't know, Timmons, it was a clean wipe-out with me," said the bankrupt merchant, dolefully.

"Oh, pshaw! Troxell. You're not an old man, and have lots of energy and hard work in you yet, besides any amount of experience to help you along."

"Perhaps so; but it takes money to make money, you know."

"Never bother—you're bound to come out solid yet, Troxell; I know you will. You've got plenty of friends who will help you to a starter, and credit is as good as cash. It wasn't your fault that you went under. It was John Sherman and the blamed uncertainty of the times that knocked you, along with thousands of others. But never mind—don't get down in the mouth. I predict that you'll be on your legs again before six months, and you know I'm a pretty certain sort of a prophet in business matters."

"Yes, I know," said Troxell; "you make some mighty close guesses once in a while. But I've got a little surprise for you—I'm on my legs already."

"You don't tell me! But I knew it, though—a man of your grit ain't the one to stay long in the dumps. But tell me—how'd it come?" said Timmons with a manner warmer than the weather.

"Well, you see," said Troxell, slowly, with a cross-eyed wink: "I was so completely scooped out that I had to sell my carriage, and so now of course, I'm obliged to hoof it, you know."

Timmons said it wasn't bad, and the man who could joke like that over his own misfortune couldn't be kept under.

James Gates Percival.

William Cullen Bryant's now forgotten contemporary, James Gates Percival, died in 1856. He was poor and eccentric and shy, while Bryant was prosperous. The last-named enjoyed fame almost from boyhood, and wealth and length of days—rivaling Goethe in good fortune if he did not in genius. Bryant naturally enough was fond of life, and by a simple diet of regular exercise he lived in vigorous health and with unimpaired senses and faculties to be an octogenarian. Bryant was *Il Penseroso*, or the pensive man. His verses are instinct with the spirit of our New World nature. The school-books a generation and a half ago imbued the New England school-boy with Bryant's poetry. He was not a voluminous or ambitious poet, but a score of his poems are imbedded in the memories of all readers of sensibility, as well as in American literature. It is needless to recall lines that are familiar to all, but at this fervid season of the year allusion to the mountain wind is apropos:

"The mountain wind, most spiritual thing of all
The wide earth knows, when in the sultry time
He stoops him from his vast cerulean hall,
He seems to breath of a celestial clime!
As if from Heaven's wide-open gates did flow
Health and refreshment on the world below."

THE chances against holding seven trumps are 160 to 1: against six it is 26 to 1; against five, 6 to 1 and against four, nearly 2 to 1. It is 8 to 1 against holding any two particular cards. The chance is equal in dealing cards that every hand will have seven trumps in two deals, or seven trumps between two parties, and also four court cards in every deal. This is so certain on an average of hands that nothing can be more superstitious and absurd than the prevailing notions about luck or ill-luck. The chance of having a particular card out of thirteen is 13-52, or 1 to 4, and the chance of holding any two cards is ¼ of ¼ or 1-16. The chances of a game are generally inversely as the number got by each or as the number to be got to complete the games.

"HONESTY is the best policy;" but most policy-players prefer 4—11—44.

Kilauea—Description of the Famous Crater.

Mr. J. M. Davidson, a lawyer from Colorado, now residing in Honolulu, has recently written to Hon. Alfred Sayre, of Denver, an account of a recent visit to the volcano Kilauea, and the letter is printed in the Denver *News*. The visit was made in May last, and after describing the journey thither Mr. Davidson says:

So different is the scene presented from what the visitor expects that it is difficult to describe it intelligibly or in such a manner as to give the reader any distinct idea of its appearance. The crater Kilauea is nine miles in circumference, mean width three miles, surrounded by a well-defined rim. The active burning lake is in the south end of this crater, and at a distance can be seen as indicated by vast volumes of smoke and vapor arising around and above the same rocky projections adjacent.

To this point the sightseer is conducted by a guide, and there, standing on the brink of projecting scoria, he looks down on the strangest and wildest element, surging and throwing its fiery spray as it madly beats against the surrounding walls, from which it seems to be repelled by some unseen power, only to lavel down and become of somber hue and drift back to be overturned and lashed into waves and crimson shreds that fall back into the massive cauldron. The heat is very great and burns the face, and the brightness of the broken elements is painfully dazzling to the eye.

There is no sameness or monotony, and from the smooth, dark surface of a minute's duration fringed by crimson lines, fiery flames issue with a hissing sound, each furtive glance giving a different view, and then deep rumbling as of a troubled sea is followed by the wildest and most violent agitation. Hours might be spent gazing at the changing, infuriate element. Over much of the road, from Hilo to the volcano, thirty miles, there is scarcely any earth, showing a new volcanic formation.

Varied vegetation has commenced growing vigorously from the scarcely distinguishable soil of decomposed lava, and, indeed, the scoria now produced and thrown out by volcanic force is very friable, and its formation is unusually in thin layers, easily crushed under the foot of the pedestrian. The bottom of the main crater and exterior of the burning lake is composed of layers of lava of different colors and different comparative structure, interlapped and intertwined as it oozes along, and at short intervals, the slowly-moving masses pressing their heavy, burning fronts, still liquid, though far off from the burning cauldron. You can thrust a walking-stick into it and easily detach quantities of the consistency of sugar when struck from the valmer-pon, or thin mush.

The bed of the main crater was some few years ago several hundred feet deeper below the unchanging surrounding rim. It rises and falls without any fixed or regular periodicity. The active lake of fire is at present six hundred feet below the rim or surrounding country, and the dimensions of the burning lake three hundred yards long by one hundred yards wide. This lake or cauldron is constantly changing its size, form and location from cycle to cycle, slowly waltzing around the vast area of the great crater.

The lava is at present thrown out of the burning lake by a subterranean passage on the west side, in a river, and presses its way, dividing into many slowly-moving streams, throughout the western half of the inclosed plain, each stream at night showing its size and encroaching course, and to the visitor, standing on the rim immediately above, gazing down, it looks like a vast city at his feet, irregularly illuminated by the sport of revelers. As the lava is cooled, it is riven into all manner of shapes, breaking like ice under the influence of changing tides, and as one walks over the newer formations, looking down between the broken fragments can be seen, a few inches beneath the cooled surface, bright, shiny, living fire in massive quantities.

The heat radiated from the surface is very great, but the north wind usually blowing over an elevation of about four thousand feet, cools the atmosphere generally, so the visitor suffers no inconvenience. I believe no one has lost life as yet accidentally in the crater, but I do not think any one feels naturally safe until he has ascended to the outside country, and even then the stream issuing from many fissures, bringing up sulphurous odors, makes one who is sinful and believes in eternity of torment think that he is not far from his future home.

In ascending to the upper regions you are conducted to a small house within a stone's cast of the hotel. Here you disrobe and indulge in a sulphur bath. A pipe conducts vapor from a fissure in a rock to the room in which you sit in *puris naturalibus a la Russ*, and when you say "Ready," a valve is opened, admitting the vapor in any volume and of any temperature you desire. When you feel as if you were in Tartarus, and about to give up the ghost, shout "alla!" to the native superintendent, and the valve is closed and the vapor shut off.

You are then douced with warm, and then cold water, rubbed dry with towels, submitting to the *Lomitomi*—a native remedy for all human ills, which consists in working and kneading your body with their hands as if it were dough. You then don fresh linen, and being very clean and oriental, but smelling like a match-box, you feel, if ever in your life you did feel—and it's funny when you feel that way—like taking a drink, but, by your lady you must carry your own ammunition, for strong drinks are rare in that volcanic dale. This desire being gratified, a ravenous appetite rages, which is dissipated by an hour's recreation at the bountifully supplied table of the Volcano House.

I attended a term of court at Hilo, and was retained in a number of cases, thus making my trip to the volcano pay me one thousand dollars. I successfully defended a man charged with murder, and after his acquittal, viewing the crater, the idea occurred to me of proposing to Parliament, now in session, the policy of changing the mode of execution from hanging to walking a plank into the crater. Rome, the then strongest nation in the world, threw culprits down the Tarpeian Rock—why should not the Hawaiian kingdom, which exists through its own insignificance and weakness, use a natural agent subserving economy and making the death penalty too horrible for contemplation.

WHENEVER young ladies learn so to stick a pin in their apron strings that it won't scratch a fellow's wrist, there will be more marriages.—*Turners Falls Reporter.*

THE hair of a New Orleans belle will be bright purple until it recovers from her attempt to bleach it from black to yellow.

That Vicious Boy of Pulitzer's.

Pulitzer is looking for another office-boy. He got a new one last week, but the youth has passed on to other scenes. The boy came to him in answer to an advertisement. He was neatly dressed, hair combed nicely, and shoes shiny. Pulitzer looked him over, and thought he would do.

The duties into which the new boy was installed were manifold, but his success was fully up to the average in most of them. After he had been on trial two or three days, Pulitzer laid before him a large pile of bills and invoices, and explained how he wished them folded up in a certain shape, of uniform size, and a slight indication of their contents written across the end. The boy said he comprehended the idea, and set to work with a vim that caused his kind-hearted employer to pat him on the head and remark that he was a good boy, and deserved to get on in the world. About this time Pulitzer was called out of the office, and didn't return for a couple of hours; when he did so, he found the task completed and the boy anxious to submit the work for the approbation he felt sanguine it would receive. Pulitzer talked patronizingly to the youngster while he wiped his glasses, but as soon as he had put them on and taken one square look at the papers before him his suavity of manner ceased to be excessive. His brow darkened and his voice grew terrible as his eye quailed before such inscriptions as "frate bile on sum shooger," "pade for vitties and uther things," "bile on kole bot fur hows," "bile ov a mann ho puts sum glass inter thee orfiss winders," "pade fur fixen karridge," "bile fursum close fur missus pulkzur," "munney giv tew aniggore fur wotteren thee streatee," "bile fur ate barnls uv pertayturs."

There was one brief, fleeting moment in which Pulitzer might have been knocked down with a feather, but in the next instant he brought his clenched fist down on the desk with the force of a labor strike, splitting the panel, upsetting the inkstand over the new ledger, and sending things spinning over the floor, while he poured forth ejaculations reproachful, indignant and profane. Then he turned upon the boy, lifted him up by the ears, brought him down with all the emphasis he could muster, and bade him begone from his sight.

"You blasphemous little wretch!" he yelled, "I couldn't have believed that any human being outside of Tophet could have spelled so infernally wicked and maliciously as you have done. You are a whited sepulcher of the most infamous description; to the eye you appear mild, harmless and even pleasing, but with a pen in your hand you could devastate the world, and turn the life of a saint into one horrid, crazing nightmare. The Bible itself, in your spelling, would shake Christianity to its base, and makes all men lunatics. You are a fraud and a delusion; a pitfall and a snare; as ungrateful as Satan, and as much to be dreaded as the seven plagues. You will grow up to be a housebreaker and a body-snatcher, and nothing but the school-room can save you from the gallows. Leave me! Clear out! Vamoose! before I strangle you! Run as fast as you can for the nearest school-house! Study, day and night, late and early—*all the time*—and try for heaven's sake with all your might to overcome the base instincts that seem to have been born in you. Never be caught without your spelling-book, for it is your only salvation. Try hard, prayerfully, and unceasingly, and you may, possibly, by a hair's-breadth, circumvent the terrible fate which now seems to be inevitable. Git! and never let me see you again till you can outspell Webster himself, or I shall shoot you on sight."

And this is how it comes that Pulitzer wants another boy. No bad spellers need apply.

A Crazy Man's Queer Freak.

A character known as the "crazy Englishman" recently died at Leavenworth, Kansas. He seems to have been a reckless, prodigal ne'er-do-well, and one who was most of the time on a big spree. The following is an account of one of his "larks" when pretty well fuddled:

One night while disordered fancy was holding high revel in his brain, he hired a hearse, a coffin and several mourning carriages and proceeded to have a funeral all by himself. He placed the coffin inside the hearse, got into the coffin, attended by a bottle of whisky, and, with the hired carriages following, the solemn procession took its course through the principal streets of the city just as the mantle of night was being drawn about the tired metropolis. No one in particular noticed the cortege as it wound its way through the crowds of carriages and buggies laden with pleasure-seekers, merely remarking, perhaps, that it was a queer time of day for such an observance. But when the procession made its appearance upon the same thoroughfares two or three times in such quick succession, not having been to any one of the cemeteries in the interval, the idea gradually dawned upon the people that they were being duped, and upon closer investigation Green was found sitting upon his coffin in the hearse, drinking, and having the best time imaginable, and too much under the influence of liquor to realize what a sacrilegious piece of mockery it really was.

Some Good Shooting.

Captain A. H. Bogardus, the American "wing shot," gave a remarkable exhibition of his skill at Stanley, England, a fortnight ago. He undertook to break three hundred glass balls in twenty-one minutes, using three guns of different weight and caliber. The humane objections which have been raised to the destruction of pigeons in matches of skill are completely overcome by this system of firing at glass balls. Two traps, each having a cup for the reception of the ball, which was attached to a spring, were placed about fifteen feet apart. To each spring there was a string, and upon this being pulled the spring was released, and the ball was thrown several feet into the air, the captain shooting at it generally in its ascent. In the space of nineteen minutes he fired three hundred and eight shots, and missed only eight balls, thus performing his task, with two minutes to spare. Notwithstanding the great exertions which such a feat involved, Captain Bogardus appeared but little fatigued. In the course of the afternoon his son also displayed great skill in the use of the gun. It should be stated that shooting at glass balls does not require so much skill as shooting at flying birds. They certainly present a smaller object at which to fire, but there is a regularity in the manner in which they are projected into the air which gives to the practiced marksman an advantage which he would not have in shooting at flying birds.

KANSAS CITY papers are boasting that eight hundred houses are now in course of erection in that city, and the demand for buildings is still unabated.

Literary Notes.

The recent publication of a Spanish edition of Mr. Smiles's "Self-Help" leaves Turkey as the only European country in which the book has not been published in the native tongue.

Dr. Charles Mackay, himself the author of several of the best modern English songs has made an emphatic protest against the idiotic slush which is sung at the popular places of amusement in London.

Gustave Dios, better known as "Gustave Z," so famous among French writers for his knowledge of women and children, that woman for a long time declared his name must be a *nom de plume* for one of their sex, is a hardened bachelor, who lives in a studio redolent of tobacco smoke, and never sets foot in a drawing-room because he hates dress coats.

The personal appearance and dress of Joaquin Miller, who is now in London, are in every way as remarkable as his writings. He has a fine square forehead, long, deep-set gray eyes, and an expression of mingled defiance and melancholy altogether very difficult to describe. He wears his hair very much longer than is customary in this country, and his chestnut beard grows in picturesque luxuriance whither it listeth.—*London World.*

In his address on William Cullen Bryant before the students of Williams, Stewart S. Woodford said of him: In verse he was a philosopher and poet, and, in editorial work, a philosopher and statesman. As an editor and poet he was, in the highest sense, an idealist. His influence was for purity, chastity, honor and manliness. As a man he was shy, reserved, diffident, temperate and passionate. He possessed a philosophic, reflective mind. He was constitutionally conscientious and kept his body under strict control. He stood in daily life as a Christian stoic. In old age he became a faultless, sweet and charitable man.

Of Charles Dickens's personal letters, Mr. G. A. Sala says: Charles Dickens was one of the best letter-writers of his age; his epistles are strong, flowing nervous and incisive in style; as carefully indited as any of his literary work, yet wholly unaffected. The letters of Dickens (so far as I have any acquaintance with them) rarely contained any literary criticism, or, indeed, any reference to literature at all. But he wrote about the most sensible "business" letters and the finest lessons of argument and advice that I ever read. He went straight to the point, and said what he had to say, sometimes in a quaintly humorous, sometimes in a grave and earnest manner, but always logically and exhaustively. Thackeray's and Shirley Brooks's letters were, on the other hand, full of scholarly allusions, anecdotes, quotations, *bons mots* and polished persiflage.

The dramatic amusements for this country this season, out of New York, will be almost entirely by traveling companies. The *Dramatic News* says that only eight cities in the United States will have stock companies—New York, Boston and Philadelphia. McVicker, who will have the only stock company in Chicago, reserves the privilege of sending it out through the country at odd times. Spaulding of St. Louis and Miles of Cincinnati employ one company in conjunction. New Orleans will have no company, San Francisco but two, Louisville none, Baltimore one, Albany none, Portland none, Detroit none, Pittsburg none, Cleveland one (which will mainly be on the road, however). A rough estimate gives sixty-five as the number of combinations that will travel about the country.

The Bridge of Sighs.

[G. C. Fulton's Letter to the Baltimore American.]

I am within a stone throw of the Bridge of Sighs—

"A palace and a prison on each hand."

The first thing a stranger thinks of when entering Venice is the Bridge of Sighs, and the gondolier is sure to pass under it on the way to the hotel, it being in direct line by a short cut, from the depot to that portion of the city in which most of the hotels are located. It is a very beautiful white marble structure, and has retained its brightness, whilst the walls of the palace and the prison which it spans are darkened and stained with the dust of ages. A narrow canal, about twenty feet wide, passes between the Doge's Palace and the prison. The court house was in the Doge's Palace, and this bridge, we imagine, was constructed as a matter of convenience, and perhaps to save the Republic the expense of one of those vehicles generally known in the present enlightened age as "Black Maria." If Court House lane was a canal and the St. Charles Hotel a prison we have no doubt that Judge Brown would forthwith apply to the City Council to have a "Bridge of "Sighs" constructed to facilitate the business of his court and to save expense. This is probably all that the Bridge of Sighs meant at the time it was constructed and used, and the same kind of sighs were uttered and tears shed whilst crossing it as are now uttered and shed in those uninviting black vehicles with prison-bars in their doors that are so often seen in Monument Square. That romancer, Lord Byron, gave a fictitious importance to this simple bridge, and the world is expected to view it with tearful eyes. It is, however, a very pretty bridge. It is suspended from wall to wall about forty feet above the water and is constructed of white marble, roofed with marble, and having no opening to it except those carved through the solid marble, of which it is composed, for light and air, which openings form part of the ornamentation. It was built at the close of the sixteenth century, and the chroniclers of Venice protest that it was never used except for criminal prisoners and common offenders, awaiting their generally well merited punishment. A bridge crosses the canal just below it, and another above it, from which a fine view is obtained. The name of "The Bridge of Sighs" is one of the expressive applications so common in Italy, and has no reference to the administrative vigor of the old Venetian Republic.

A Gifted Expert.

[Troy Times.]

One of the most skillful experts in America is J. F. Tandy, coin examiner at the treasury, to whom I am indebted for much valuable information. Mr. Tandy has the remarkable gift of discerning the slightest fraud in specie, and yet he can hardly tell how it is done. If a counterfeit piece be concealed in a heap of money he will detect it blindfolded. All that is required is to run his fingers through the mass and in a few minutes every one is tested. This is the result of that remarkable power of touch which is only perfected by long practice. Such a man is of immense value in a place like the treasury. Coin in this institution is handled in large sums, and is wheeled on trucks like other merchandise, but in weighing a bag the loss of a single piece would be noticed. The treasury is floored with marble tile, but these would soon be destroyed by the heavy trucks that roll through the specie department. For this reason the strongest wooden floor is used, being made of maple strips set edge-wise and fastened in the most secure manner. Even such a bottom is none too solid for the incessant trituration of iron wheels and heavy burdens.

THE coffee crop of Costa Rica is the largest this year that has ever been known.

NEW umbrellas have a scented bottle hidden in the handle.

A SUMMER DAY.

BY C. S. BROOKS.

Deep down beside the tangled sedge
  The meadow-lark sings all the day,
And bursts at times from out the hedge
  The mimic chatter of the jay;
And here and there a wandering note,
  A cricket's chirp, comes sweet and clear
Where dreamy mists of summer float
  At noon upon the grassy mere.

Afar away below the hill
  I see the noisy mill-wheel go,
The smooth broad lake above the mill,
  The flash of foam that roars below;
And on the even slopes that rise
  So gently toward the mountain's brow.
The cattle watch with sleepy eyes
  The lazy plowboy at the plow.

My soul is sleeping, and its dreams—
  Ah! sad and sweet that dreaming thrills!
For there are other vales and streams,
  And other flocks on other hills—
The hills whereon I climbed to pull
  The golden-rods and weeds of May,
When all the world was beautiful,
  And all my life a summer day.
    —*Harper's Magazine for August.*

WAIFS AND WHIMS.

A HOMELY card-player is a plain dealer.

PEOPLE are not readily rocked to sleep by earthquakes.

APPLE-BEES are sure to have a core'em.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

THE cigar and the cup are very intimate acquaintances.

THOSE who think awry will not be likely to act straightly.

WHY is a lady's bonnet like a cupola? Because it covers the belle.

THE *Hotel Mail* says it is a weiss beer that knows it own schooner.

PRESCRIPTION for a pugilistic lover—"take one of your own sighs."

THOUSANDS who never were in battle have been destroyed by grape.

WHAT kind of a ship has two mates and no captain? A courtship.

When the festive fly so airy and spry,
  Concludeth no longer to flutter,
He buzzes around, with a mournful sound,
  And buries himself in the butter.

OILED sawdust acted upon by the rays of the sun will burst forth into a flame.

CYPRUS is about as large as Connecticut. If anything, Connecticut is a nutmeg grater.

INDIANS never kiss each other, and, having seen a few Indians, we can't blame them.

GOSSIP hugs its false measure and says, loftily, that the five grains are of no consequence whatever.

COLONEL BLOOD has been summoned as a witness in a Brooklyn scandal. Blood will tell.—*Boston Post.*

IN a suit between Chinamen in the New Orleans courts, the witnesses were sworn by burning a piece of paper.

A TACK points heavenward when it means the most mischief. It has many human imitators.—*Breakfast Table.*

THE temperance editor of the Ithaca *Journal* recommends fresh buttermilk as an excellent substitute for lager beer.

"Oh, what is so rare as a day in June,"
  The poets sweetly sing;
But we think that the stuff now-a-days called cash
  Is the rarest sort of a thing.
    —*Oil City Derrick.*

THE Princess of Wales, her brother, the Crown Prince of Denmark, and the heir to the throne of Belgium are all deaf.

THE acreage of tobacco planted in Virginia the present year is smaller than last year, but there is a prospect of better crops.

IT is a very good thing to mean well, but if you expect to get on in the world you must also do well. Good intentions pay no debts.

THE kind of steeple-chase popular in Cohoes, N. Y., is climbing a church steeple three hundred feet high, for a purse of $150.

THERE is a particular coloring, which is in woman, powerful above all beauty, wit or genius—that subtle something which we name "charm."

THE bureau of statistics estimates the amount of money annually expended in the United States for liquors, by consumers, to be about $596,000,000.

THE project of building a direct pipe line from the oil regions of Pennsylvania to Buffalo seems to be languishing on account of a lack of subscriptions.

LAWRENCE County, O., recently gave three contracts for iron bridges to Pennsylvania bridge builders, while their own works are compelled to lie idle.

THE value of exports from England during the first four months of this year was about $1,000,000 more than during the corresponding period of last year.

THE Land Reclamation Company of Louisiana is perfecting arrangements to go to work constructing levees and canals and putting up draining machines.

ONE hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year constitutes the salary of President MacMahon, and he is likewise allowed sixty thousand dollars for perquisites.

WE buy our experiences at a great price by the time we are forty, and then offer to give them away to young friends of twenty, but can seldom find any body who wants them.

JUDY tells of a boy at school who, on being asked to describe a kitten, said, "A kitten is remarkable for rushing like mad at nothing whatever, and stopping before it gets there."

EDISON married a factory girl, ten minutes after asking her to be his wife. Then he went down to the factory and worked all night on a new invention, forgetting all about being married till one of the boys called his attention to the fact. He is as absent minded as the minister who blew the foam off a glass of water in the pulpit before taking a drink.—*Peck's Sun.*

THE famous statue of Moses, which forms one of the chief attractions of the tomb of Pope Julius, by Michael Angelo, the great law-giver, is represented with horns. In many of the pictures of Moses by the old masters the same peculiarity appears. Sir Thomas Brown, in his "Pseudodoxia Epidemica," says: "The ground of this absurdity was surely a mistake of the Hebrew text, in the history of Moses, when he descended from the mount, upon the affinity of Karen and Karan; that is, an horn, and to shine, which is one quality of horn.

YONKERS had a Fourth of July orator who said: "And while the heart of our nation continues the throb, while the hollyhock of liberty dissimulates its fragrance over the aria of our domain, while the gratitude of the free-born sons of soil—I mean sons of toil—recalls the heroism of those who bought and fled—excuse me, I should have said fought and bled—for us, so long will we treasure the noble heresy bequeathed to us by our bat-riotic postarity."

AN ungenerous public will never learn to appreciate the work of the world's greatest humorist, the intelligent compositor; he who speaks of "Caledonia, stern and wild, wet nurse of a poetic child," and who tells of the pride the college graduate experiences in turning to his "alum water."—*Turners Falls Reporter.*

THE NEWS.

From the Capital.

A large police force was called out at Washington Saturday, to prevent labor troubles, and disperse a crowd who were preventing work on the Washington Monument.

In the Cabinet recently, a letter from the Mexican authorities was submitted by Secretary Everts, charging that the Americans had been crossing into Mexico, stealing cattle and driving them across the Rio Grande into the United States. No action was taken.

Items in General.

The National party of New York, in Convention on the 24th of July, nominated a State ticket, and passed resolutions favoring the payment of all debts, public and private, in greenbacks, and demanding the repeal of the National bank Act, and the immediate calling in and payment of all bonds in absolute paper money, without regard to the time they may have to run on their face, and no further issue by the Government of any bonds............ The attempt of Robert Russell, the champion diver, to walk eight miles in five hours under water, took place in Long Island Sound on July 24, at South Brother and Ricker's Island. Russell made the attempt for a wager of $1,000. At 11:30 a. m. he put on a diving suit weighing two hundred and ten pounds. Judges with an air-pump, life line and air room accompanied him. He walked six hundred feet under water, over a measured course, a sixth of a mile in length, which he had to traverse forty-eight times. Russell is five feet six inches high, and weighs one hundred and fifty pounds. He recently accomplished the same feat at Bridgeport, Conn........The twelve-foot fly-wheel in Pointer & Sons' hoop mills at Pittsburg, Pa., burst about seven o'clock Wednesday evening, and completely wrecked the building, an iron-clad structure fifty by one hundred feet. The employees foresaw the danger, and all of them fled before the wheel burst. The accident was caused by the breaking of the governor belt......A bill for the punishment of tramps, which passed the New Hampshire House, provides for their punishment by imprisonment from fifteen months to five years, the former penalty being provided for any person proved a tramp.......... In a political affray at Nashville, Tenn., on Wednesday, between Samuel Hicks and Edwin Nathaniel, Jere and Jones Baxter, sons of Judge Nathaniel Baxter, Democratic nominees for re-election as Judge of the Circuit Court, Hicks and Jones Baxter were fatally shot. The former received several shots from the Baxters, and his skull was fractured in two places by blows from the muzzle of a pistol in the hands of one of them. Jones Baxter received only one shot near the heart, and from a party unknown. Hicks expired in a few minutes, and Jones Baxter lived scarcely an hour. Jere Baxter received a slight wound in the hand, Nathaniel Baxter in the foot, and a negro girl thirteen years of age was struck in the thigh by a stray shot, inflicting a painful but not fatal wound. The affray grew out of remarks derogatory to the character of the father of the Baxters by Hicks in a speech at a meeting of the candidates for county offices, on the Independent ticket, the evening previous.

Peter Bresnaham, who was convicted last May of the murder of Michael Daulter, in St. Lawrence County, New York, was hanged in Canton, New York, July 26. On the 13th of April last Bresnaham shot Daulter at South Colton, twenty-two miles from Canton, and afterwards split his head open with an ax, the gun-shot wound not being sufficient to cause death. Bresnaham then dragged the body into the woods near by and searched Daulter's clothing, only finding a few cents. The deed was committed with the expectation of finding a considerable sum of money that the murdered man was said to possess. Bresnaham confessed to several murders besides the one he was convicted of......At a picnic in Lewis County, Kentucky, Thursday, Thos. and Wm. Bankenship were stabbed to death by Danial and Joseph Morgan. In the melee ten or fifteen persons were wounded. Daniel Morgan is under arrest. Joseph fled.

Edward F. Noyes, Minister to France, having finished the business which brought him home, sailed in the City of Richmond Saturday for France......The neighborhood of Reading, Penn., is greatly annoyed by tramps. In some localities the farmers have found it necessary to organize to protect themselves and their property against the raids of these outlaws............Maggie Berridge, thirty-three years old, living a short distance from Gallipolis, undertook to kindle the fire in the kitchen stove, Friday evening, with carbon oil. She was found shortly afterward by a neighbor who was passing, leaning against the yard fence in a dying condition, with her clothes burnt entirely off her. She lived about one hour after the occurrence........ London society was stirred Saturday by an interesting event, which has long been looked forward to, namely, the nuptials of Arthur Henry Paget, Lieutenant and Captain in the Scots Fusilier Guards, eldest son of Lieutenant-General Lord Alfred Henry Paget, Clerk-Marshal of the Royal Household, and fifth son of the first Marquis of Anglesey, to Miss Minnie Stevens, daughter of the late Mr. Paran Stevens, of New York. ......As train No. 6, north-bound, on the Cincinnati Southern, was nearing Whitney's Station, Saturday, where they do not stop, they noticed a gentleman, who proved to be Dr. J. B. Desha, of Lexington, standing on the platform, apparently waiting for the train. Just before the train reached the platform he started across the track. The train was too close to be stopped soon enough to save him, and the engine-bumper struck him. The train was stopped and backed up as quickly as possible, but he was dead when the men reached him.

The weather was fair in the West and South-west on July 29, and afforded good views of the sun's eclipse. At Denver, Col., Professor Sestini reported toward the end of totality he observed some small continuous protuberances. There were streaks of light and shade on the ground preceeding the totality, and a bright corona around the whole solar disk, with luminous off-starts on both sides in the direction of the motion of the moon, each extending about one diameter and a half of the sun; also, two more off-starts, nearly at right angles with the former, about half the solar diameter in length. The Vasser party report unimportant observations. They saw three planets and four stars.........Professor Stone's party at Schuyler, Col., report weather clear. All four contacts observed. The length of cords were observed by Professor Stone, and the transits of Cusps observed by Upton. All observations were successful.........While in a state of temporary mental aberration, produced by business troubles, F. W. Bachman, an extensive dealer in toys, notions, books, and stationery, and a resident of Peoria, Ill., for eighteen years, drowned himself in the river Monday night. He was forty-eight years old, and leaves a wife and five children.

The Maine Republicans in their late State Convention, unanimously renominated Governor Connor, and among other resolutions was one demanding "honest money for the people," and no step backward in resumption......The people of New Philadelphia, Ohio, are making extensive preparations for a Soldiers' Reunion on the 28th August. The Fifty-first has invited the Thirtieth, Eightieth, and the One Hundred and Sixty-First Ohio Regiments to unite with them on that day, and have a grand good time together. Hon. Stanley Matthews, Colonel E. B. Eckley, Generals Garfield, Logan and other distinguished gentlemen from military and civil life have been invited, and are expected to be present and participate.

Western Items.

Parties arriving from the Silver Lake Mennonite Settlement, forty miles north from Yankton, bring intelligence of a cloud-burst in that region on Monday, by which a large portion of the country was submerged and seven persons drowned. The west branch of the Vermillion River, ordinarily about two rods wide, was filled to a width of over a mile and a depth of from ten to twenty feet. Much destruction of property is reported.

The United States Indian Agent at Lemki, Idaho, writes the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, announcing the murder by two or more Indians belonging to the Lemki tribe of Bannock John, an old Indian well-known in that section as a desperado. It appears Bannock John murdered a white man a few weeks ago on Camas Prairie, and the Indians feared retaliation on part of the whites. The news reached one of the Indian camps that ten of their number were murdered by whites in Round Valley while hunting. After hearing of this slaughter, blame was laid on Bannock John, and a few of the Indians formed a conspiracy for his assassination, which was successfully carried out.

Southern Items.

Four colored men were taken out of the jail at Monroe, La., a few mornings since at one o'clock, and hanged by a mob. Their names were Pleas Phillips, Henry Atkins, Jim Beatty, and Tom Ross. They were accused of murder......Mr. C. A. W. Milthack, commercial traveler for the firm of Schmidt & Zeigler, of New Orleans, died there lately from the effects of arsenic taken in pudding at dinner. The fish were prepared by his wife, who used arsenic by mistake for corn starch. She, her son and the family servant also partook of the pudding, but will probably recover from the effects of the poison.

Notes from Abroad.

A Constantinople dispatch says there is great mortality among refugees there. The British Consul at Phillipopolis reports that some Turkish refugees having returned to the village of Sinikoi, the Bulgarians massacred the men and outraged the women. The Gendarmari is to be reorganized and placed under Baker Pasha, who will be charged with special service in Eastern Roumelia. The Turkish army is being reduced......A Vienna dispatch reports that Shumla was surrendered by the Turks July 20. Fazil Pasha only consented to evacuate the fortress after consulting with Layard, the British Embassador......A dispatch from Constantinople announces that the Porte has decided to give the Greeks territory from Zagora to Magritt. This includes Volo and Pharsalia, but not Tricala or Sanina. Negotiations are proceeding.........A correspondent at Berlin telegraphs that Russia desires to withdraw her troops in the neighborhood of Constantinople, and demands the previous withdrawal of the British fleet.

A private telegram states that General Phillipovitch crossed the frontier into Bosnia, Monday morning, July 29. He was met by a Turkish Major, who presented a document supposed to be a protest, and pressed it upon him, but General Phillipovitch refushed to receive it, and the Major ultimately took the paper away. The Austrians also effected a crossing at Berbir. General Phillipovitch instructed his staff to show the inhabitants of Bosnia the greatest civility, but to adopt the most rigorous measures against any resistance.

Elections for members of the German Parliament were held on July 30. The Progessists were successful in five districts in Berlin. A second ballot between a Social Democrat and a Progressist candidate is necessary in one district.......Cologne elected an Ultramontane, Cassel a National Liberal, and Koenigsberg a Conservative. Second ballots with the Socialists are necessary in Breslau and Eberfield, and between Delbruck and a National Liberal at Stettin. At Strasburg the Protest party elected their candidate.......Although the Social Democrats are ahead in Berlin only in the Fourth District, where a second ballot is necessary, they polled 55,000 votes, against 30,000 in 1877. General Von Moltke only received 2 811 votes, against 8,977 for the Progressist Haenel. Dr. Falk has been defeated in two districts, by tremendous majorities......The National Liberals return their candidates from Saarbrucken and Heidelberg. A second ballot will be necessary in Frankfort, Mannheim, Mayence and Hanau. These second ballots will be between modera e and advanced Liberals except at Mayence, where one of the candidates was an Ultramontane.

The Uses of a Chinaman's Hair.

The Chinese mode of wearing the hair makes the flowery land the paradise of barbers, and the Chinese barber has not his counterpart the world over. From dawn he is in the streets carrying upon his shoulders at either end of a long bamboo, adorned with an effigy of a chimerical creature, the paraphernalia of his craft. Eagerly on the lookout for any one whose poll is not perfectly shaven, as soon as he detects such a one, he has him in a trice installed on a stoll beneath a large parasol fixed on the ground. In the twinkling of an eye Ah is ready and the skull under his manipulations soon becomes as smooth as ivory. That done, he passes on to the pigtail, which he brushes, perfumes and dresses with the greatest care. Useless as it seems to us, it really is by no means so. The schoolmaster brings it smartly to bear on the fingers of recalcitrant youth, the ass driver has no other instrument wherewith to stimulate his beast, the man tired of life employs it as a hanging rope, and lastly the executioner seizes hold of it when he decapitates a man.

We are glad to learn that the ladies of higher caste in Spain are giving up attending bull fights. We knew it was coming. The last time we witnessed one of these disgusting spectacles was in company with Donna Isabella de Vaquezra, daughter of the rich old Don Francisco Vaquezra, reported to be worth eight millon doubloons, and who was one of the first men of the kingdom. There were present all the nobility. In the next box to us sat the lovely daughter of Don Pedro Guerero, a rich old hidalgo, with a country place at Seville, who beamed upon us and the rest of the elite with great sweetness. But it was evident to us that Donna Isabella was not pleased with the sport of the arena, and finally, as the infuriated bull drove his horns into a vaquero's stomach and waved the poor wretch about in the air, she leaned over to us, and whispered behind her fan (and how well we remember the play of her perfumed breath upon our cheek!) in a soft and gentle voice: "*Mia bouno amicos, non verde acerta errando, vos el paso propre mi non;*" which translated means: "My dear friend, you don't catch me in this equescurriculum again, and don't you forget it!"—*Rockland Courier.*

A North Carolina wagoner sold his dog to a Laurens county man the other day for half a barrel of sorghum syrup. The dog, however, refused to be sold, and took refuge under the wagon. The Laurens county man crawled after him with a piece of meat in one hand and a rope in the other. Although there were several spectators of the scene that ensued it is difficult to get at the facts. All agree that there was a scuffle under the wagon, accompanied by yelps and yells; but no one is willing to affirm that the man had the dog or the dog had the man. Finally, the dog, as it would seem, brushed up against the hind leg of the off mule, and then all was still. It is not certain what killed the dog. One of the spectators said he thought he heard a trace chain rattle, but when we went around to examine the mule she was asleep. The man had lost his hat, his coat and a greater part of his trowsers, and subsequent examination proved that the dog died with one ear and a handful of hair in his mouth.

A hearty jest kills an ugly face.

Fact Stranger than Fiction.

[Troy Times.]

The career of Isaac Merritt Singer, the millionaire inventor of the Singer Sewing-machine, although he died three years ago, has not yet lost its interest for the public, owing to the long contest there has been over his will and the extraordinary facts which have from time to time been brought to light. Mr. Singer's life combined romance and infamy to an extraordinary degree. Few men are so successful in amassing wealth, and few ever sin so outrageously against the laws of morality as he did. He began life with nothing; for years he experienced the vicissitudes of the deepest poverty, yet when he died he left an estate valued at from $13,000,000 to $15,000,000, twenty-four children, and five women that called him husband. But only two of the latter were married to him, and few of his children were his legitimate offspring.

Singer was a native of Schagticoke, in this county, where he was born about the beginning of the war of 1812. He early moved to Wayne County, where he married Catharine M. Haley in 1830. At that time he was a wood-turner. Two children were born to them. In 1837 they moved to New York, and soon afterward he joined a company of strolling players, his wife remaining in the city. At Baltimore he saw in the audience an attractive-looking woman about eighteen years of age, whose appearance excited Singer's interest. He found her out, called upon her, and, through his representations that he was a single man, she accepted his attentions and promised to become his wife. Her name was Mary Ann Sponsler. They went to New York, where he had a quarrel with his wife, and they separated. Instead of fulfilling his promise with Miss Sponsler to marry her, he put her off with various excuses, and finally persuaded her to assume the relations of wife to him, assuring her that when his fortunes had improved the legal ceremony should be performed. For thirteen years the two lived the lives of strolling actors, playing temperance pieces in churches, and earning a meager living. They carried all their effects in a one-horse wagon, and they were frequently obliged to leave that behind in pledge for trifling expenses.

When in Chicago Singer's attention was turned to invention, and he devised a reaping machine for harvesting grain. In 1850 he made several valuable improvements, which were embodied in what is called the "Singer Sewing-machine," by which he acquired his colossal fortune. He returned to New York and lived on Fifth-avenue, where as wealth now poured in upon him, he maintained a splendid establishment, having ten horses and six carriages. Miss Sponsler still lived with him as his wife, though he had made no effort to get a divorce from Mrs. Singer. From 1835 to 1867 ten children were born to them, eight of whom are now living. In 1860, twenty-four years after their separation, Singer obtained a decree of divorce from his wife. In the mean time he had been building up other family relations. One was Miss Mary McGonigal, by whom he had five children, and Mary E. Walter, who bore him one child. Both shared in his bounties, and the children looked upon him as their father. These facts coming to light, Miss Sponsler, believing that she was Singer's wife, sued for divorcement. He denied the marriage, but admitted the accusation of adultery, and a settlement was finally made whereby he purchased her a dwelling-house in New York, the title of which was to be vested in their children at her death. The following month, after she had ordered her lawyer to go on with the suit for divorce, she was secretly married to John E. Foster, of Boston, under her maiden name. She kept the marriage secret until January, 1863, expecting to get the deed of her house from Singer. In falling from a chair she was severely injured, and, believing she was about to die, revealed the secret marriage, which news came to Mr. Singer. He induced her, probably by threats of legal prosecution for bigamy, to sign a document which was in fact a renunciation of their former relations, and to quit the house in which she lived. Since that time she has continued to live with Mr Foster. In June, 1863, Singer was married in New York to Isabella E. Somerville, a woman whom he had met in France. Six children were the results of this union. They soon removed to France, where they remained until 1873, when he resolved to reside permanently in England. He purchased a large estate in South Devon, and started to build a dwelling that should surpass the baronial castles in the vicinity in magnificence. But death ended his career in July, 1875.

His will was offered for probate before Surrogate Coffin in White Plains, Westchester County. It divided the property in America, valued at $9,000,000, into sixty portions. There were bequests to his twenty-four children, to women with whom he had cohabited, and to Mrs. Isabella Singer. Miss Mary Ann Sponsler, now Mrs. Foster, receiving nothing, contested the will. She claimed to be the lawful widow of Mr. Singer, but the decision of the Surrogate's Court was against her, and the general term of the Supreme Court affirmed the decision. In the meantime, another will turned up in England, which settled his property there, valued at about $5,000,000, upon Mrs. Isabella Singer and her children. The property in America had been all distributed to the legatees; and recently David Hawley, of Yonker, one of Singer's executors, sailed for Europe to arrange the accounts against the English estate, and place it under control of Singer's last wife or her representatives. Thus will end one of the most extraordinary will cases ever brought before a Surrogate's Court.

Cut This Out and Save It.

A correspondent writes as follows about the flower of a well-known plant: I have discovered a remedy for consumption. It has cured a number of cases after they had commenced bleeding at the lungs and the hectic flush was already on the cheek. After trying this remedy to my own satisfaction, I have thought philanthropy required that I should let it be known to the world. It is common mullen, steeped strongly and sweetened with coffee sugar, and drink freely. Young or old plants are good, dried in the shade and kept in clean bags. The medicine must be continued from three to six months, according to nature of disease. It is very good for the blood vessels also. It strengthens and builds up the system instead of taking away the strength. It makes good blood and takes inflammation away from the lungs. It is the wish of the writer that every periodical in the United States, Canada and Europe should publish this recipe for the benefit of the human family. Lay this up and keep it in the house ready for use.

It is an interesting and significant fact that of all the bankrupts who have lately filed their applications in the United States office in Memphis, none ever advertised their business.

The Markets.

CINCINNATI.—Flour—Family may be quoted as low as $4, but not much offered below $4 50, and sales chiefly at $4@4 75, though known trade brands from white wheat range up to $5 75. Extra quoted $3 60@4; superfine, $2 80@2 85, and low grades, $2@2 50. Spring flours are dull for soft at $4 25@4 50, but hards not plenty and selling a little more readily at $4 50@5, the latter fancy Minnesota. Rye flour is quiet and jobbing at $3@3 15, the latter choice Northwestern. Bran steady at $7@8 50, shipstuff slow at $11@12, and middlings at $13@17 per ton, on arrival. Wheat, choice amber sold at 93@94c. on track, and 95@96c. delivered. White nominally as same amber, though not much offered, and fancy lots reach 98c. Some lots not strictly choice sold at 91@92c., and fair to good milling samples at 80@87c. Red winter sold at 92@93c. for choice, but off grades went out quick at lower figures. Inferior or smutty ranges down to 70c. per bushel. Rye offerings of No. 2 in elevator at 54c., but new sold quite freely at 50c. for choice samples and at 46c. for No 2 inspected, on track. Corn, ear sold at 45c. for mixed and 44c. for white on track. Shelled sold for 43@43½c. for prime sample lots of mixed, and ten cars said to be No. 2 sold 42c. to arrive, while No. 2 in elevator was held at 42c. per bushel. Oats, mixed quoted at 26@28c., and white 29@30c. per bushel. Barley 80c. for No 2 fall. Hay, new brings $8@8 95, old quotable at $10@11 for prime to choice timothy, and $8@9 per ton for common to good mixed in bales on arrival. Hay and rye straw quoted $5@6, and oats straw $6 50@7 per ton. Mess pork, $10. Lard, 7½@7¾c. Cotton, 9½@12⅞c.

INDIANAPOLIS.—Flour—Fancy, $5 50@6; family, $4 50@5. Grain—Wheat, No. 2 red fall, 90c. Corn, new Western mixed, 37@38c. Oats, 25@26c. Rye, 4?c. Bulk meats—Shoulders, 5½c.; clear rib sides, 6½c. Lard, 6¾c. Sugar-Pickled hams, 9@9½c. Hogs, $4 15@4 25.

LOUISVILLE.—Flour—Fancy, $5@5 25; extra family, $3 75@4 25; A No. 1, $4 50@6. Grain—Wheat, new red, 80@85c.; amber and white, 90c. Corn, white, 48c.; mixed, 40c. Oats, white, 28c.; mixed, 26c. Hay, $9@11 per ton. Mess Pork, $10@10 25. Lard, choice leaf, in tierce, 8½c.; choice leaf, in kegs, 9c. Bulk meats, shoulders, 5½c., clear rib sides, 6c.; clear sides, 6½c. Bacon, shoulders, 5⅞c.; clear rib sides, 6¾c.; clear sides, 6½c. Sugar Cured Hams, 10@12c.

NEW YORK.—Flour—Superfine State and Western, $3 50@4; common to good extra, $4@4 30; good to choice, $4 35@5 75; common to choice white wheat extra, $5 80@8 50; common to good extra Ohio, $4@5 75; common to choice St. Louis extra family $4@7; Minnesota patent, extra good to prime $6@8 25. Grain—Wheat, 75c.@$1 20; rye, 60@61c.; corn, 45@53c.; oats, 31@35½c. Mess pork, new, $10 25@10 50. Lard, prime steam, 7.27½. Wool, domestic fleece, 28@42c.; pulled, 18@38c.; unwashed, 10@30c.; Texas, 12@27c. Cotton, 11⅝@11¾c.

PHILADELPHIA.—Flour—Western superfine, $2 50@3; Western extra, $3@4; Minnesota spring family, $5 25@5 75; high grades and Minnesota patent process, $6@7 50. Wheat, new Western red, 98c.@$1 02; Pennsylvania amber, $1 03@1 05; old Pennsylvania white, $1 07@1 11. Corn, yellow Western, 48@50c. Oats, white Western, 32½@33½c.; mixed Western, 31@32c. Rye, Pennsylvania, 52@54c. Mess pork, rump mess, $10@10 50. Beef—India mess, $16 75@17. Smoked hams, 11@12½c. Sweet pickled hams, 8c. Lard, loose butchers' make, 6¾@7c.; choice city kettle, 7½@7¾c. Petroleum, refined test, 10⅝c., and crude in barrels, 8½@8¾c.

STOCK MARKETS.

CINCINNATI.—Beef Cattle—Common, 1¾@2½c.; fair to medium, 2¾@3½c.; good to choice butchers' grades, 3¾@4 35c.; fair to good shippers, 4@5c.; fair to good heavy oxen, 3@4c., and fair to good feeders, 3@4c., for light and heavy qualities. Sheep—Common to fair, 2½@3c, and good to choice, 4½@5½c. Hogs—Common, $3 50@4; fair to good light, $4 10@4 50; fair to good packing grades, $4 20@4 40; selected butchers', $4@4 50.

BUFFALO.—Sheep and lambs—Western sheep, $3 75@4 75; lambs, $5@5 35. Hogs—Good to choice Yorkers, $4 40@4 60; heavy hogs, $4 25@4 50.

NEW YORK.—Beef Cattle—Exporters took 1 000 head at 9½@10½c. per lb., to dress 56 to 57 lbs, to the gross cwt; other sales were made at 7@8½c., to dress 55 lbs. for ordinary to fancy native steers and oxen. Sheep and Lambs—General sales made of sheep at 4@4¾c., and lambs at 5¼@6c.

EAST LIBERTY, PA.—Beef Cattle—Best steers, $4 75@5 per 100 lbs.; common to fair steers, $4@4 25. Hogs—Grassers, $3 50@4 per 100 lbs.; Yorkers, $4 25@4 40; Philadelphia hogs, $4 50@4 80. Sheep—Prices ranged at $3 25@4 25.

WOOL.—In Boston, medium grades of clothing wool are most sought; also very fair demand for all fine fleeces. Sales of medium extra and double extra Ohio and Pennsylvania at 37@38c.; Michigan and Wisconsin at 34@36c.; and medium Kentucky, Missouri, and Indiana unwashed in demand at 27@29c.

Facts of Great Interest to All—Time and Money Saved.

All families are interested in their family physicians. They may take quack medicines for slight ailments, but when true sickness comes, then must come the family doctor. All are interested then in this matter, and every family newspaper should give them valuable information and advice.

Every one knows that, in times gone by, the great family doctors were educated in New York and Philadelphia, but that in these days such is no longer the case. The great cities of the West, Louisville, Chicago, Cincinnati, all contain medical colleges in which the best medical education is to be obtained.

The cost of this education is far less than it is in Eastern cities; a fact of great interest to parents and guardians, and to all interested in medical students. Indeed, so important is this money question to our readers, that we must give them information which will save for themselves and friends both time and money.

In the Atlantic cities a student has to pay for two courses of lectures $155 each; or $310 for the two. His diploma fee is $30; all fees amounting to $340. His board for two sessions is $280, or $140 for each. His fees and board costing $620. These facts and figures are official.

In Louisville, Chicago, etc., where the medical colleges are equally as good as they are in New York, the student pays for his two courses $65 each, or $130 for two. His diploma fee costs $30. All fees amounting to $160 for two sessions. His board for two sessions costs $160 or $80 for each. The entire fees and board costing $320. These figures are also official, and show that the student who goes to the great colleges of the West saves fully $300 in the cost of a first-class medical education. If to this amount be added that of the increased cost of travel, it is evident that $400 would be a moderate estimate of the amount saved by him. Indeed, students residing in the New England and Atlantic States, can, by going to first-class medical colleges in the West, save from $200 to $300 in the cost of a medical education. Surely these great money facts cannot fail to interest every reader, and cause him to bring them to the attention of all studying or about to study medicine. Parents and preceptors will, we feel sure, thank us for this valuable information.

But there are other facts now to be given of greater interest; facts which show that the student cannot only save $300 in the cost of his medical education, but that he can gain one full additional course of lectures. That is to say, the student will, in seventeen months, obtain three instead of two courses of lectures, and save also $300.

Among the many new catalogues of medical colleges recently issued, that of the Louisville Medical College, (Louisville, Ky.,) is exceedingly interesting. Indeed, the facts presented therein are so important that we must present them to our readers.

It appears that the Faculty of the Louisville Medical College have been also elected to fill the vacant chairs in the Kentucky School of Medicine—one of the oldest and best medical colleges in this country; this great compliment having been extended to this Faculty on account of the triumphant success of the Louisville Medical College. As the result, this Faculty teach in the Louisville Medical College from September to March, and in the Kentucky School of Medicine from March to July.

Both of these colleges are first-class institutions, both being connected, we see, with the Association of American Colleges, of which the colleges at New York and Philadelphia are also members.

From the fact of this Faculty teaching in these two great medical colleges, there spring some curious and interesting results.

Students who enter the Louisville Medical in September or October, can, at the close of that session in February, at once enter the Kentucky School of Medicine, which commences its session in March and closes at the end of June. In the following September or October, these students can again enter the Louisville Medical College and graduate in February. Thus having, in seventeen months, passed three complete courses of lectures; whereas; in seventeen months, any other Faculty can give but two courses of lectures.

The student's entire fees for the three courses in these two Louisville colleges are, we see, but $187, and his board for seventeen months but $200, or $387 for the entire cost of his medical education, board, and all fees included.

When it is remembered that in Eastern colleges the student gets but two courses of lectures, and has to pay for these $340, with $280 for his board ($620 in all,) it will be seen that in Louisville he gets one full course of lectures more in the same time, and saves in fees and travel fully $300. A GREAT ECONOMY OF TIME, A GREAT SAVING OF MONEY, AND THE GAINING OF ONE ENTIRE COURSE OF LECTURES. Indeed, it is evident from the facts and figures afforded to the public in these catalogues, that IN NO OTHER WAY, IN NO OTHER CITY AND IN NO OTHER MEDICAL COLLEGES, CAN A STUDENT IN SEVENTEEN MONTHS OBTAIN THREE FULL COURSES OF LECTURES AND YET SAVE IN MONEY FULLY $300.

Every student or guardian or parent who reads these remarkable facts should send at once for catalogues. It is stated in the catalogues just issued, that all applications for them should be addressed to the Dean of the Louisville Medical College, Louisville, Kentucky.

We see that five per cent. of the class are granted beneficiary privileges.

We also see in the catalogues issued, that students who desire it will be educated by the graded system adopted at Harvard, Massachusetts.

One is not surprised to read, after learning these remarkable advantages offered by this Faculty, that ninety-five students have been graduated by it in the last year.

The class list as published shows students from almost every State; the best evidence of the fact that the public throughout this country is rapidly obtaining and appreciating the valuable information here given to our readers.

It seems only natural that so many students from the Northern States should seek in winter the mild and temperate climate of Kentucky; for thus they escape their harsh winter weather, and return home in time for the cool Northern summer.

Louisville, the geographical center of this country, bids fair to be one of its greatest medical centers.

While newspapers seldom furnish the information which we have herein given, we are satisfied that our readers will value these interesting and profitable facts, and will agree with us in saying that all which is of interest to the family circle belongs of right to the family newspaper.

Milestones on the Road to Health.

The recovery of digestion and the resumption of activity by the liver, bowels and kidneys are milestones which mark our progress on the road to health. They speedily become perceptible when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is used by the invalid. Nothing so surely and expeditiously consumes the distance to the desired goal. As no bodily function can suffer interruption without impairing the general health of the system, so the system can never acquire perfect vigor, health's synonym, until that function be actively resumed. Take, for instance digestion, a suspension of which is invariably rectified by the Bitters. If the organs upon which it devolves grow weak, biliousness, constipation, headache, poverty of the blood, and a hundred other symptoms supervene, which indicate unmistakably the baneful general influence of dyspepsia. The disappearance of all these symptoms through the use of the Bitters shows with what thoroughness it removes their causes.

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Travelers by railroad or steamer should always have a box of Grace's Salve with them ready for immediate use in case of an accident. There is nothing like it for the relief of Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Wounds, Bruises and Sprains, while for the cure of Felons, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Corns, old Sores, etc., it is a specific.

Economical Tea Cake.

Two quarts of flour, sift through it four teaspoonfuls Dooley's Yeast Powder, two tablespoonfuls of butter or lard, one pound and a quarter of sugar, dissolved in two and a half cups of sweet milk. Spice to taste, bake in oven in small molds.

For upwards of thirty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures dysentery and diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. 25 cts. a bottle.

We have a list of a thousand country weeklies, in which we can insert a one-inch advertisement one year for two dollars and a quarter a paper, or for the same price we can insert fifty-two reading notices (a new one every week), averaging seven lines each. For list of papers and other particulars, address Beals & Foster, 10 Spruce-street, N. York.

We know of no way that we can benefit our readers more than by calling attention to *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.* It is the oldest and most valuable patent medicine in the world. Everybody should keep it in the house. It will check diarrhœa and dysentery in one hour.

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Jonesville, Mich., Dec. 27, 1877.—*Messrs. Fowle:* I sent you 50cts. for 2 boxes of Grace's Salve. I have had 2 and have used them on an ulcer on my foot and it is almost well. Respectfully yours, C. J. Van Ness.
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Pavilion Hotel, Revere Beach, Mass.
Boston, July 13, 1878.
Messrs. S. W. Fowle & Sons.
Gents—About one year ago I was a great sufferer from the pains accompanying a Corn on my foot. I can not speak too much praise in behalf of Grace's Salve, for after two applications I was entirely relieved. I would not sell the remainder of the contents of the box for $100, if I could not get more.
HENRY YOUNG.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOX. BY MAIL, 35 CENTS. SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, PROPRIETORS, 86 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON.

ANTI-FAT
The GREAT REMEDY for
CORPULENCE.
ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT
is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. It acts upon the food in the stomach, preventing its being converted into fat. Taken in accordance with directions, it will reduce a fat person from two to five pounds per week.
"Corpulence is not only a disease itself, but the harbinger of others." So wrote Hippocrates two thousand years ago, and what was true then is none the less so to-day.
Sold by druggists, or sent, by express, upon receipt of $1.50. Quarter-dozen $4.00. Address,
BOTANIC MEDICINE CO.,
Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

A. N. U. No. 34.

When writing to advertisers please say that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

Geo. P. Rowell & Co.
10 Spruce St.,
New York.

THE OBJECT OF OUR ESTABLISHMENT.

Our Newspaper Advertising Bureau, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York, is an establishment intended to facilitate the convenient and systematic placing of advertisements in newspapers. It is conducted upon the principles which we conceive to be the right ones for securing the best results to the advertiser.

We undertake to represent American Newspapers, not only the newspapers of the city of New York, and of all other American cities, Religious, Agricultural, and other class newspapers, but also the small country journals. We receive regularly and keep on file the daily and weekly newspapers of every description throughout the land.

CONFINED STRICTLY TO NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING AND TO AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

We confine our transactions to newspapers, and do not accept or undertake the management of other classes of advertising such as books, sign-boards, posters, or job printing.

By adhering to one branch of advertising we make ourselves masters of it.

We also restrict our dealings to newspapers published within the geographical limits of the United States and Dominion of Canada.

THE NATURE OF THE SERVICE WHICH IT IS OUR BUSINESS TO RENDER TO THE ADVERTISER.

We undertake to maintain an established credit with every newspaper, and to have at hand a schedule of charges for advertising space in its columns; to be able to quote the rates to an advertiser who wishes one or several, and to procure the prompt insertion of the advertisement without any extra charge for the service rendered; which service consists of quoting the price, printing or writing as many duplicates of the advertisement as may be required, forwarding the copy for insertion at our own expense for postage or messenger service; examining the papers to see that the advertisement appears,

when, and in the manner that it ought to; checking each subsequent issue of the advertisement, in each paper, in a book kept for that purpose, at all times subject to the inspection of the advertiser, and marking plainly in each paper the advertisement as it appears; so that when the advertiser comes (or sends) for the purpose of having the files examined, the eye may light promptly upon his announcement, without the labor of searching a whole paper or page.

If errors or omissions occur, it is our duty to notify publishers, at our own expense for labor, postage or messenger, and to see to it that the publisher of the paper actually does render the specified service for which the advertiser contracts.

OUR PROMISE.

We promise those advertisers who entrust their advertising patronage to our management that we will not allow them to be charged, in any instance, any more than the publishers' schedule rates; that we will procure for them the acceptance of any advantageous offer definitely made to them by any newspaper publisher, advertising agent, or canvasser of responsibility. We are unwilling to do work without a profit, and never offer to do so, yet in conformity with the promise made above, we sometimes find it advisable.

THE SYSTEM OF ARRANGEMENT FOR NEWSPAPER FILES.

We have a perfect system for filing newspapers, a separate space being accorded to each, and labelled with the printed name of the paper it is intended to accommodate. A stranger can place his hand upon

any paper he wishes to examine with the same readiness with which he would find a word in a dictionary, a name in a directory, or a book in a library catalogue.

THE AMOUNT OF MONEY TO BE EXPENDED.

Persons who have had little experience as advertisers often have a pretty clear understanding of what they would like to do, but are entirely ignorant of the probable cost.

We have made out for such a person a plan of advertising calling for an investment of $5,000, and on submitting it for approval found our customer dismayed at the magnitude of the expense, he not having contemplated an expenditure exceeding $200 or $300. In such a case labor would have been saved, if at the commencement of the negotiation the question had been asked: "How much money are you prepared to devote to this advertising?"

THE CONFIDENCE OF OUR PATRONS A MATTER OF PRIME IMPORTANCE.

It is a matter of prime importance to us, for the purpose of maintaining our influence with publishers, that it shall come to be understood among them that our statements about the advertising to be done, or not to be done, are to be relied upon, and to this end our dealings with our advertising patrons must be upon a basis of mutual confidence and good faith.

OUR CUSTOMERS ENTITLED TO OUR BEST SERVICES.

Whenever we are doing the advertising for any individual, or firm, we consider them entitled to our best services. If they suggest using a paper which we know to be not the best for the purpose, we say so and give the reasons. We often expend a good deal of time for very small advertisers, much more than the profits on their patronage would warrant; but we are content, as they entrust to us what they have to disburse, and influence in our direction the patronage of their friends and acquaintances.

Extract from New York "Times," June 11, 1875.

Ten years ago Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. established their advertising agency in New York City. Five years ago they absorbed the business conducted by Mr. John Hooper, who was the first to go into this kind of enterprise. Now they have the satisfaction of controlling the most extensive and complete advertising connection which has ever been secured, and one which would be hardly possible in any other country but this. They have succeeded in working down a complete business into so thoroughly a systematic method that no change in the newspaper system of America can escape notice, while the widest information upon all topics interesting to advertisers is placed readily at the disposal of the public.

Geo. P. Rowell & Co.
10 Spruce St.,
New York.

Twilight Musings.

Another day has passed. It has gone never to return; that which was once ours, is ours no longer. It passed through time from eternity on one side into eternity on the other, like a meteor through space, and the present calm hour is the only portion of time to which we can lay claim, and it is swiftly passing and will soon be gone. Minute by minute is slipping by, and the receding hours are bearing on their wing the impress of the passing moments, every thought and idle word and prayer. How many can say, I am content to let the day pass. I am satisfied with what I have realized, and would recall nothing. Can any of us conscientiously say, I am satisfied? No, not one; we shall never be really and truly satisfied while the stars mock us with their unapproachable glory; when we turn our eyes on them they but forcibly remind us of the trackless space between us and heaven. How varied are the scenes to-night spread out beneath their quiet gaze; scenes of bliss and cruel woe. After all there is nothing real in the pleasures or sorrows of the world unless we make them so; rather there is no reality in them but in their results there may be. If one has the will or power of mind to cast their sorrows from them they are not sorrows they are nothing, being dependent on a certain state of mind for existence; if that state of mind be changed, which may be done by the power of the will, there is no such thing as sorrow to that individual. But if sorrows are hoarded up they become something, and their results are realized. So of pleasures—they vanish into nothing as soon as the mind turns from them. If we could take the world as we find it, quietly submit to what can not be prevented and go on the same as before, how much more could we enjoy life. Curious world! there is plenty to puzzle one's brains if they choose to indulge in thought; the trouble is I think too much, I wish I could think less.

"I often think of a summer day,
In the misty past fading away;
Sometimes with a thrill of passionate pain,
I long for its sweetness over again."

Now the dew falls like a blessing over shrub and flower; the queen of love attended by her starry hosts, moves proudly through the arching vault of heaven, all is beautiful. The sighing of the evening wind through the branches of the trees, awakens sweet and sacred memories; it brings back the light of a day spent in the fields with a companion I loved as myself; that day seems so far away, and yet only a few years have winged their rapid flight since we carelessly wandered on, until tired we stopped on the bank of a tiny stream, and as we talked of the past our minds wandered to the future, and we wonderingly speculated as to what it would be; to settle the momentous question as to which should marry first we concluded to leave it to the fickle stream to decide. A short distance from as the water fell over a ledge of rocks, and we were each to cast a leaf on the stream, and the one whose leaf disappeared first, would be first to wear the bridal wreath; gaily we committed our fate to the laughing waters and watched to see which would be carried over. For awhile they floated on together, until a sudden impetus of the current hurried her leaf far ahead of mine, and over the fall. Then to see which would first be summoned to the shadowy land of spirits, we threw two more leaves to the stream, only to see hers hurry on to the fall and disappear, while mine sported a moment on the brink before going over. We laughed at the result of our attempts to pry into the future, and thought no more of it until a few months ago she sent for me to witness her marriage, then the prophecy of the stream flashed across my mind; she was indeed the first to marry. May her wedded life be as joyous as the days of old; surely she could not be happier than when free and careless. We spent our youthful hours romping over the fields, for we were happy then and cared only for each other. The memory of those blissful days will ever haunt me; the fields are just as green now as then, and the old walnut trees still stand as a silent monument of the pleasant days of old, the stream murmurs along its grassy banks, as musical now as then, but I do not love them now as then, they only serve to remind me of what has been. Why should our eyes turn coldly from nature's loveliness, and our restless souls still follow in pursuit of that strange phantom pleasure. Not here shall we be satisfied even with the glorious beauty of our world, the transient gleams of happiness, the sunny spots, like threads of gold in the dark web of life. Not here shall longing hopes for something yet beyond our reach be realized. The days of our delightful summer are passing, and we are nearing the season of the sear and yellow leaf; soon will come the chill frost to blight our flowers; they will wither and die. Cold winter will fold them in a shroud of snow, and sing wild dirges over them; but spring will come and woo them back to life again, in all their former loveliness. How typical of human life; the dark-winged messenger of death will chill our breasts, and weeping friends will lay us beneath the turf to slumber in silence with the millions of pale sleepers who are calmly waiting God's appointed time; the wailing winds will chant our requiem, and winter shroud our lowly grave, and the friends we love most will laugh on with the rest. But like the flowers we shall wake again, and on the blissful shore of the bright land of rest we shall roam with the loved and lost, then, it is then! we shall be satisfied. JEN.

Sabbath Eve, July, '78.

Wills Point, Texas.

July 23, 1878.

EDITOR NEWS:—Having received several letters from friends wishing to know something of Texas, and thinking perhaps it might not prove disinteresting to others, I will give to them, through the columns of the NEWS, what little I have gleaned since being in the "Lone Star."

Not having traveled much through any counties except Van Zandt and Kaufman, I shall have to confine myself to a description of those two counties. Van Zandt has an area of 950 square miles, is one-third prairie and remainder timbered land. The timbered land is very productive for corn, cotton and all kinds of garden vegetables, while the prairie brings better wheat and small grain. Fruit does well here, peaches, plumbs, etc., are extra, apples are hardly so good. Corn crops are splendid. Wheat good, but injured some by heavy rains. Cotton not so good as usual for this time of year. Wheat is selling from 50 to 75 cents per bushel. Corn will soon be ready to be gathered, and farmers will do well to get 20 cents per bushel. Now is the time to come to Texas.

Van Zandt county has a population of 9,000. Wills Point, the largest town, has about 1,200 inhabitants, is a healthful locality, situated on a high prairie 57 miles east of Dallas, on the Texas and Pacific railroad. Cantos, the county seat, is 15 miles south of Wills Point.

Kaufman county joins Van Zandt on the west, and is as good county of land as there is in the State. Two-thirds prairie land. Population 12,000. Terrell, the largest town, started in 1873, has upwards of three thousand inhabitants.

Land can be bought from one and a half to twenty dollars per acre, according to locality and improvement.

Texas has a large public school fund; in this county the prorata per scholar is $4.50. We are needing good teachers and good farmers.

Cattle live all winter on the grass. Men who get a start of cattle soon get rich. A good country for raising sheep, and also for hogs, there being a mast every year

Money is scarce, but provisions of all kinds are plentiful and cheap.

WANTED.—Ten thousand farmers with large families of grown daughters. Young men, marry before you come to Texas, for it is more than supplied with bachelors, and you will be apt to be one if you come to Texas without a rib. Yours Texianly,

A GRAYSONITE.

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

Cupid Raising the Mischief in the Flower Bed.

[Whitehall Times.]

'Twas morn.

The orb of day was shining as bright as a bootblack.

Every flower had rose from its bed in dewtime.

In the bed beneath the arbor there was a jessamine of flowers.

Sweet bees sipped honey and hummed musical lullabys, while crickets croned with hilarious mirth, amid sparkling dew-drops and condensed incense.

"Sweet one, let me taste thy tulips?" a voice said.

"Begonia don't suit me, sir," was the reply.

"Oh, fair one, wouldst thou have me peony away for the love of thee?"

"Sir, thou canst not win me, thou hast not anemone."

"Wouldst thou drive me where the woodbine twineth, cruel-hearted one?"

"How darest thou callalily such names? Leave me."

"Never, unless thy promise is given that thou wilt forget me not."

"Peas, be still. Lettuce have sweet peas."

"Oh, charming one; thou alone canst give heartsease to me."

"Never to such a dandylion as thou art. There is no sweet fern in this, sir."

"Oh, sweet one, do not violet any feelings with such paragraphic levity."

"Away with thee, I say, or I will call my poppy."

"Ivy a mind to prostrate myself before thee, and bathe thy feet with my kisses."

"Ah me, I fain would have such larkspuring around here."

"Oh, morning glory of my, must I thus be doomed to wither and fade away unloved?"

"Yes, coxcomb, it is so willed."

"Then, by heavens, the fates lilac blazes, cruel one. As the trellis clings to the rosebush would my heart entwine itself about thee. Thou dost cast me off. You say I haven't anemone. 'Tis fate, I have millions of scents."

"What sayest thou?"

"Ah! methinks thou relentest. Yes, sweet one, I can purchase for thee corn-silk for dresses, such as a princess will envy."

"Thou'rt not as bad as I thought thee. There's many a cowslip 'twixt buttercup and lip."

"Then thy stubbornness doth wilt?"

"Aye, dearest, call in Dominy Cucumber, and let him double us up at once."

And as the beautiful orb of day sunk beneath the crimson horizon of a Western sky, two souls with but a single thought lay sleeping in a luxurious bed of roses.

A skeleton of an enormous animal has been dug up in Texas. It is fifty-four feet long from the root of the tail to the joint of the neck.

The Camden Light Artillery, of South Carolina, saluted the Fourth of July with a cannon which had been used in the Revolutionary war.

A Mayfield negro is in jail for cutting a cow with an ax. It was a cow-ardly crime.

Mason county, Texas, has produced a 125-pound punkin. On the same vine are five still growing, none of which weigh less than 100 pounds.—*Courier-Journal.*

George B. Sheldon had a fine Cochin China hen of which he was quite proud. The hen was a magnificent producer, and seemed to be trying to rival the ostrich in the size of her eggs. All at once, however, she stopped laying, began to swell up, and finally died. Mr. Sheldon held a post mortem examination of the remains, and found an egg *five inches in diameter.* The hen had fallen a victim to her unholy ambition.—*Ind. Herald.*

Paducah Sun: A boy on Jefferson street yesterday, after receiving a severe castigation from his father for some act of disobedience, struck the latter on the head with a brickbat, producing a severe cut. This is the first case of sun-stroke since the advent of the caul wave.

DIED.

Mrs. Rosie Oglesby, one of the oldest and most respectable citizens of Breckenridge county, died at her residence, near Cloverport, August 6, at 3 o'clock a.m. At the announcement of her death a general gloom came over the entire town and community.

Lydiann Rowland, *nee*, Dennis, wife of J. H. Rowland, was born Feb., 1843. Professed religion and joined the Cumberland Presbyterian church, 1859, in which she lived a consistent member until the day of her death. She was a subject of deep and painful afflictions, all of which she bore with the greatest Christian fortitude. She leaves a husband and two children. She died in Cloverport, August 2nd, 1878.

Elizabeth Payne, daughter of Nicholas and Mary Scott, was born in Breckenridge county, Ky., March 30th, 1825. Made a profession of religion and joined the Baptist Church, at Lost Run Meeting House, in the year, 1843, and was married to L. H. Payne, Nov. 28th, 1844. She was an affectionate wife, a kind mother and a good neighbor. She was a member of Success Grange, No. 1337, and highly esteemed as such.

Resolved, By the Grange that we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the BRECKENRIDGE NEWS for publication, and request the Western Recorder to copy also. Done and signed by order of the Grange at the July meeting, 1878. Taylor Meador, W. M.

Robert Payne, Secretary.

July 6, 1878, at her home near Clifton Mills, Breckenridge county, Ky., Mrs. Elizabeth Moredock wife of James L. Moredock, age 44 years 4 months and 1 day.

She professed religion when quite young, joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church; she lived a consistent member until her death, and died in the triumph of the christian's faith. She endured her long and severe suffering with patience.

Fold her hands gently
Over her breast.
Look not so mournfully,
She is at rest;
Grieve not so bitterly,
We should not weep
For she in her Savior
Has fallen asleep.
He folds her tenderly
Into His arms;
He'll keep her tenderly
Safe from all harm,
Sweetly and peacefully
Lieth she there.
Yield her resignedly
Into his love.
No more suffering,
No more of pain;
That which is loss to us
Is gain to her.

FANNIE BOARD.

Prince of Wales, Ky.

Doctors and medical students may obtain circulars with full particulars of terms, etc., of the University of Louisville, by addressing Prof. J. W. Holland, M. D., or Dr. J. M. Bodine, Dean, Louisville, Ky. The University is endowed by the city and has Museum, Library, Dispensary, Laboratory and all equipments for a thorough Medical School. The preliminary course (free to all students) begins Sept. 9th, and ends with the beginning of the regular course, October 1st.

KENTUCKY NEWS.

The Sentinel says the organ in the new Episcopal church at Mt. Sterling was bought in 1840 for the First Presbyterian church of Lexington, but the pastor, Dr. R. J. Breckinridge, would not allow it in the building.

The Democrat says tobacco-raising has been entirely abandoned in Montgomery county, but last year A. W. Hamilton raised a large crop that averaged 1,000 pounds to the acre, and he has refused ten cents a pound for it.

A Philosopher writing to the Paducah News about the Louisville girls winds up by saying: All I know about it is, that a pretty girl looks pretty in anything she puts on, and if she didn't put it on she would look pretty anyhow.

Mt. Sterling Sentinel: The oldest church in Eastern Kentucky is the Springfield church in Bath county, organized about 1794. On next Sabbath Dr. E. O. Guerrant will preach a memorial sermon there, giving the history of the church from the beginning.

Flemingsburg Rambler: The Superintendent of Public Instruction has been petitioned for a division of the school money due this district, the teacher employed by the trustees being so obnoxious to a large number of the patrons that they will not send their children to him.

Magoffin county instructs for Turner for Congress and Cooper for Attorney General; recognizes Cope as "an honest Christian gentleman," and "anxiously looks to the time" when she can rally around Hon. Joseph Gardner as her "standard-bearer for a seat in Congress."

Independent candidates are remarkably liberal. One in Fleming offers to discharge the duties of County Judge for $200 per annum. Another in Warren pledges himself if elected Jailer to give the negroes $1,000 a year to buy books, etc., etc. Herd them and ship them up Salt river.

The Pantograph says lightning played around Bowling Green at a lively rate Sunday night. Among the buildings it struck was the colored Baptist church, stripping a woman and a man from shoulder to heel, tearing of their clothes, splitting her heel and leaving him insensible for a time.

Fine rains, worth thousands of dollars to the farmers, have fallen in the past week all the way from Hickman to Greenup. In some localities they were light, in others very heavy. The corn is laughing in its ears and the farmer in his sleeves. Plenty of hog and hominy for another year.

Lebanon Times: A negro man was bitten by a copperhead snake at the place of Mr. Goodwin, on Pleasant Run, in this county on Thursday last, and died from the effects on Saturday night. We learn that the body became swollen to so great an extent that it was almost impossible to place it in the coffin.

Eminence Constitutionalist New Castle letter: Our Police Judge has tried seven white women from different parts of the county in the last ten days for various offenses, and at one time had this number in jail. The Jailer says he has served twelve years and never had a white woman in jail all night until now.

Marion county is likely to add another to her big will cases. The Standard says: D. W. Phillips left at least two wills, the first of which bequeaths from $85,000 to $135,000 for the establishment of a college at Lebanon. An effort will be made to invalidate the later will, which gives the estate to H. B. Ray, of Lebanon, and Ben Doom, of Bardstown.

Washington Herald: A martin of snow-white plumage, which had been killed near Springfield, was presented to us by Mr. H. F. Wilson, on last Monday. It was a rare, curious and beautiful specimen in ornithology. We shipped the bird to Maj. Davis, Secretary of the School Board of Louisville, that it might be placed in the hands of a taxidermist.

Glasgow Times: The reports concerning Col. Golladay's illness, we are glad to hear, are very much exaggerated. He has not been dangerously ill, but has been quite sick, and under the advice of his medical attendant he was induced to abandon the canvass because of the improbability of recovery early enough to prosecute a thorough canvass of the district.

The Bowling Green Pantagraph says U. E. Jones, the venerable head of the South Union Society of Shakers, died Sunday, aged seventy-six. He left a will, in which he requested that Solomon Rankin and H. L. Eads succeed him as Trustees of the Society, and that his possessions, "if any," be first applied to the payment of his debts, "if any," and the remainder to the good of the Society.

The Transcript says Henry Stanton took only twenty of his children to the canteta in Lexington.

A colored woman gathered twenty-five bushels of blackberries, one day last week, in Nicholas county.

The assessor's books show that there is not a dog in Nicholas county, and a gentleman suggests that the sheep have killed them all.

A Sick Well.

About a year ago at Stockton, Cal., a doctor in sinking an artesian well at the depth of sixty feet came upon something which prevented further progress. A drill lowered down rebounded with a hollow sound, as though striking the roof of the house or the deck of a vessel. He then put down a sand pump and obtained a good stream of water which brought up with two brass nuts peculiar pnitors. For several weeks past the stream has brought up quantities of tow or oakum and scales of copper. It is apparent that some sort of a vessel is sunk there, though how it came so far inland is a mystery, and a shaft will probably soon be sunk to explore the matter.—*Pantagraph.*

The labor reformers in Washington propose to shoot or stone to death any man who shall hereafter work for less than $1 50 a day. This is tyranny that quite surpasses that of the contractors who take advantage of the large number of unemployed men to force wages down to the lowest possible point. There are, no doubt, many men in Washington who would prefer to work for seventy-five cents a day rather than starve.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Then there won't be a newspaper man, preacher, farmer nor mechanic left in all of this country. Reform without sense or reason profits nobody, not even the reformers themselves.

Sunstroke.

Some 8 or 10 of my lambs have been very seriously and strangely affected. They have very long wool, and I think got too hot. I called in Dr. H. and he called it epilepsy, Dr. C. called it sunstroke, Dr. I. called it the trembles, old-fashioned trembles, Dr. Dudd calls it kidney affection. I turned in and sheared four of the worst ones, and got 25 pounds of the finest wool in America, and they are now sound and well, and those not sheared are still a little complaining.

Corn acreage 90, condition 80.
Wheat acreage 110, condition 60.
Oats acreage 70, condition 100.
Tobacco acreage 60, condition 65.

TIM.

A receipt for taking the scent of onions from the breath:

Eat the onions as you usually do, raw, fried or stewed, and as much as your appetite requires, just before going to church, the ball, or the party, or before your sweetheart comes to see you, or you go to see her, eat a quantity of garlic, it will destroy onion scent every time.

CONCERT
AT
UNION STAR, KY.,
FRIDAY EVENING, AUG. 16, '78,
AND AT
Stephensport, Ky.,
SATURDAY EVENING, AUG. 17, '78.

These Entertainments will be second to none ever held in Breckenridge county. Come, everybody, bring your wives, your children and friends, and enjoy a pleasant evening.

ADMISSION, 20 cents.
CHILDREN, 10 cents.

J. S. PFRIMMER, DIRECTOR
no4. 2t

A LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN.

Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope. Price six cents.

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment, and Radical cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhoea, induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the "Green Book," &c.

The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings, or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.

Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps. Address the Publishers,

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,
41 Ann St., New York;
Post Office Box, 4586.

OLD,
TRIED,
AND
TRUE.

People are getting acquainted—and those who are not ought to be—with the wonderful merits of that great American Remedy, the

MEXICAN
Mustang Liniment,
FOR MAN AND BEAST.

This liniment very naturally originated in America, where Nature provides in her laboratory such surprising antidotes for the maladies of her children. Its fame has been spreading for 35 years, until now it encircles the habitable globe.

The Mexican Mustang Liniment is a matchless remedy for all external ailments of man and beast. To stock owners and farmers it is invaluable.

A single bottle often saves a human life or restores the usefulness of an excellent horse, ox, cow, or sheep.

It cures foot-rot, hoof-ail, hollow horn, grub, screw-worm, shoulder-rot, mange, the bites and stings of poisonous reptiles and insects, and every such drawback to stock breeding and bush life.

It cures every external trouble of horses, such as lameness, scratches, swinny, sprains, founder, wind-gall, ring-bone, etc., etc.

The Mexican Mustang Liniment is the quickest cure in the world for accidents occurring in the family, in the absence of a physician, such as burns, scalds, sprains, cuts, etc., and for rheumatism, and stiffness engendered by exposure. Particularly valuable to Miners.

It is the cheapest remedy in the world, for it penetrates the muscle to the bone, and a single application is generally sufficient to cure.

Mexican Mustang Liniment is put up in three sizes of bottles, the larger ones being proportionately much the cheapest. Sold everywhere.

DR. W. B. WHITE,
Resident Dentist.

All work executed with neatness and dispatch. Artificial teeth inserted in the most approved style of the art. Teeth extracted with little or no pain.

Will practice in Breckenridge, Meade, Hardin and Hancock counties. Postal card orders promptly attended to. Address,

DR. W. B. WHITE, Cloverport, Ky.

Office, Upstairs over STAR DRUG STORE.

SPRING WAGONS,

Made especially for use in Breckenridge county; substantial and durable and suitable for country roads. Fully warranted the best and cheapest. Also Buggies and Road Wagons, I guarantee satisfaction in all of my work. I sell all kinds of Farming Implements.

J. L. MILLER.

M. HAMMAN,

UNDERTAKER
AND DEALER IN
Parlor and Bed-Room Furniture.

I have on hand and will constantly keep a large stock of

METALIC AND WOODEN
BURIAL CASES AND CASKETS.

LOUISVILLE & HENDERSON PACKET LINE.
Passenger, Mail and Express Boats.

For all way landings, between Louisville and Henderson, the elegant and fleet steamers

Grey Eagle, Morning Star, and Jas. Guthrie.

Passing Cloverport one down and one up daily.

FRUIT TREES!

All readers of the News desiring fruit trees should send their orders to or leave them with

GREGORY & CO.
Wharfmasters,

Who are agents for the celebrated and Reliable Rockport, Ind., Nurseries. All the trees are Warranted to be true to their names. They also keep constantly on hand a large supply of Pittsburg coal, and dealers in Laths, Shingles, Lumber and Lime.

GREGORY & CO., Wharfmasters.
Cloverport, Ky.

MILLER & HOVIOUS,
Livery and Sale Stable,
Second Street Between Main and the River.

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